THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Peace Aims for War

Prime Minister Churchill made a mistake, in our opinion, in refusing to enlarge on Mr. Chamberlain's former statement of war aims. This is more a war of politics and ideas even than the last one; military success has ultimately depended on them. Britain may defend herself with no aid but that which the determination of her own people to resist aggression stimulates in the United States and the Empire. But she can never destroy Hitlerism without the help of the peoples on the Continent, including the Germans themselves. It is more necessary to distinguish between the Germans and their rulers than it was in 1917. It is more necessary to rouse the aspirations of the peoples for a better world. Hitler has provided his followers with powerful emotional ammunition. He has also given his enemies plenty of material, but it is necessary to mobilize for positive ends the hatreds which Hitler has aroused, if his opponents are ever to take the offensive. Peace aims are just as necessary in this struggle as planes and battleships.

Roads to China

Whatever else Japan has in mind, her occupation of parts of Indo-China has a clear military objective—interruption of the flow of military supplies over the Burma Road to the Chinese Nationalist government, and an attack on that government through the South China provinces. No sooner had the British government reopened the road on October 17 than Japanese aviators started to bomb the part of it which lies in China. How successful this aerial attack is likely to be we have at present no way of knowing. The Chinese report victories against Japanese armies in the region and speak even of driving the Japanese out of Indo-China. But if the traffic can be stopped, the aid extended to China by the United States and Great Britain through loans and the sale of supplies will be nullified.

Only one other source of imports remains for Chiang Kai-shek—the overland routes from the Soviet Union. In spite of the limitations and delay incident to traffic over these routes, they may be of vital importance to China. It is obviously to the advantage of Britain and the United States that China's resistance be prolonged and strengthened. The Soviet Union also has a stake in this resistance, but is fearful of trouble with Japan as long as there is danger in the West. In view of the rumored Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact, it may be that the recent diplomatic discussions between our Department of State and the Soviet Ambassador have touched on the China trade.

Japan Seeks Oil

In the Netherlands East Indies, Japan is trying to assure herself of sufficient petroleum to compensate for the possible loss of imports from the United States and Latin America. Already she is debarred from obtaining high-test aviation gasoline from us. Report had it that she had contracted with British, American and Dutch interests for 40 percent of the Indies' oil output. These business concerns are more interested in profits than in the international policies of their governments; doubtless also they fear for their properties and have been under pressure from the Japanese. But Japan has been unable to obtain the high-test gas she

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needs, which is said to be contracted to the British government. On this account the deal may have fallen through; the Japanese emissary has returned to Tokyo.

Will Japan try to take by force what she has been unable to buy? The Netherlands authorities threaten that they will dynamite the wells if she does. The spirit of the local officials is quite different from that of the French in Indo-China. The conquest would not be an easy one if they put up the resistance of which they are capable. In addition, Japan's long lines of communication would be threatened on one flank by Singapore and on the other by the Philippines. Our Pacific fleet is now at Manila. We could scarcely carry on effective war against Japan in her home waters, but she will think twice before she exposes herself so far from her bases.

FDR as Symbol

Public-opinion polls often remind us of that friend of ours who keeps telling us things we already know. The findings of a recent Gallup survey—that Mr. Roosevelt would most likely lose the election if there were no war in Europe—will hardly cause any great surprise. Few campaigns in our history have been more confused than this one. The war issue overshadows the domestic issue even more than in 1916. For this reason it would be unrealistic to interpret the reëlection of Mr. Roosevelt as an endorsement of *all* his policies. The war has prevented such a testing of the domestic policies of the New Deal as might be desired. Nevertheless, it becomes more and more apparent, as was first said in these pages, that Mr. Roosevelt has become a symbol of democracy—democracy at home, democracy abroad. The correctness of this symbolism is something that only the future can decide. The Gallup poll, however, reveals the fact that a substantial majority of the American people believe in Mr. Roosevelt and what they think he stands for. Many of the people who will vote for Mr. Roosevelt may not like him as a Democrat. They may even disapprove of some of the features of the New Deal. They may heartily dislike the idea of a third term. But, in the end, they trust him as one of the defenders of democracy. This is what the last Gallup poll tells us: but this is something we knew all the while.

The First Objectors

More than 17,000,000 men, according to early reports, were registered for conscription, almost without opposition. So far as we are told by the newspapers, only a few theological students and socialists in New York refused to register, for conscientious reasons. They have accordingly been arrested and will be tried for disobedience of the law. The New Republic favors the widest possible latitude for conscientious objectors; we hope conscription will be administered much more intelligently in this respect than in 1917. But we do not see how any court can fail to convict a person who violates the law by deliberately failing to register. That is not a refusal to fight; it is a refusal to obey a law requiring registration for possible service to the state. What the objectors are in essence saying is not merely that the individual conscience is superior to an order to engage in war, but that the individual conscience is superior to democratic constitutional government, and that we all may choose which laws to obey.

Democracy, especially when it is endangered by authoritarian aggression, cannot countenance such an extreme challenge of its sovereignty. We hope that the courts will make clear the law, and that the students will change their minds and be given another chance. For conscientious objectors, whatever the errors in their reasoning may be, should not be treated as criminals.

Concerning Our Miss Thompson

We are glad that The New York Herald Tribune, after suppressing a Dorothy Thompson column which embodied her support for Mr. Roosevelt, finally printed it. The suppression was senseless anyway, since the column was published in many other papers to which her writings are syndicated. And a regular columnist on a journal who subscribes his name to his writings has a right to expression of his opinion, even if it disagrees with that of the owners or editors.

We hope that supporters of Britain or of Mr. Roosevelt who have objected to a signed department in The New Republic which frequently disagrees with the policy of its editors will take this incident to heart. No better service can be done to an opinion—however true or mistaken—than an attempt to suppress it, especially if this attempt is ludicrously ineffective.

More Thanks to Hitler

Alvin Johnson's already substantial contributions to scholarship through the formation of the "University in Exile" at the New School for Social Research in New York will be redoubled by the plans to bring here over a hundred more of the leading European scholars, now refugees. Foundation grants for this purpose are already pledged. Additional money is needed, however, to rescue all distinguished authorities who are in exile.

Though the faculty at the New School will be doubled, many of the scholars must necessarily be placed elsewhere. An emergency committee of educators has been formed for this work. The contribution which will thus be made not only to our own culture but to the survival of enlightenment in the world is beyond reckoning. Incidentally, none of these immigrants will compete for jobs with members of American faculties, since the new funds will pay their salaries for two years.

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Release Hitler's Enemies

The International Committee for Political Prisoners has sent a letter to M. Henry-Haye, French Ambassador in Washington, protesting the Vichy government's "cruel and exploitative treatment of political prisoners." According to the Committee, the Vichy government has virtually abandoned these prisoners in unoccupied France. The German Commission—a pseudonym for the Gestapo—has already gone the rounds of all the camps in southern France and drawn up lists of their inmates. The camp at Vernet is reported to be the one in most danger, since the deadliest enemies of the Nazis are detained there.

It is hardly possible that any such protest as the International Committee's will move the Vichy government. The tragedy is all but played through and will not be stopped a few moments before the curtain. It must not be repeated elsewhere. Enemies of fascism are still in concentration camps in England and it is the duty of the Churchill government—however confident they may be of victory—to make doubly sure that they will not assist Hitler by collecting some of his most hated enemies into segregated camps, where the Gestapo might one day be able to tie and slaughter them like sheep. Fear of Hitler's own enemies helped the downfall of France and it is for the Churchill government to ensure that England does not succumb through the same fear.

News Notes of a Week

President Cárdenas announced that for reasons of "continental solidarity" he would cancel the large oil concession granted to Japanese interests last week. . . . Italian bombers flew over the Persian Gulf and attacked the island of Bahrein where an American-owned company operates a large oil industry. Bahrein is an independent state, ruled by a sheik under British protection. . . . A large shipment of submarine intake valves were stored by the United States in Hong Kong. This port is now fully equipped for all types of repairs on American submarines. . . . H.M.S. Ajax, one of the victors in the Battle of the Plate, sank two Italian destroyers in the Mediterranean and helped to sink a third. . . . Following his return from conversations in Germany, Serrano Suner, General Franco's brother-in-law, has been appointed Spanish Foreign Minister. . . . Léon Blum, Georges Mandel and Paul Reynaud are likely to be brought to trial before the Riom supreme court. Mandel has already been tried twice and acquitted. . . . A bad-tempered Nazi aviator, shot down in England, was given a transfusion of two pints of Jewish blood "to teach him better manners."

President Roosevelt announced that he would make five political speeches in the coming fortnight and rejected Wendell Willkie's invitation to debate with him in Baltimore. . . . The President consulted with the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada, at Hyde Park. . . . Willkie announced his readiness to abandon the AAA crop curbs. . . . New York City's Little Flower twisted the necktie and tore the collar of a heckler who asked if "he was still taking orders from Boss Flynn." . . . A Bethlehem Steel stockholder sued Girdler and the company to the tune of $12,800,000 for losses caused by illegal anti-labor activities.

The Near East Chessboard

As the bombing of London continues, it becomes clearer every day that if there is to be a land campaign this winter it will be in the Near East or the Balkans. But just what form it will take, and whether it will occur at all, are at this writing a matter of speculation. The news from that quarter of the world is even more full of rumor and denial of rumor, of diplomatic false fronts and smoke screens of propaganda, than the dispatches from other war zones.

Germany has already completed her bloodless conquest of Rumania, apparently somewhat to the discomfiture of the USSR and certainly to the disadvantage of the British. If she goes no further, this alone will be a gain, since she has assured herself against any interruption of the supply of Rumanian oil and wheat. The petroleum which she now receives from this quarter is several times greater than her own output from coal. It is sufficient to provide fuel for the kind of war that is now being waged, though not enough to make possible large-scale land warfare. The Rumanian wells will not be blown up as they were in the last war.

Rumania gives Hitler in addition a base on the Black Sea and a foothold for a further advance into Bulgaria, Greece, the Dardanelles and points east and south. Greece is threatened also by Italian troops in Albania. Yugoslavia too is caught between the German and Italian arms of the pincers, but might be by-passed in a march to the Orient if they thought it not worth while to occupy her.

The Axis has strong reasons for moving further in this direction. One is petroleum. Though the Rumanian output is sufficient for present purposes, it is not enough for full war or for safety in the future. The supply coming through from the Soviet Union is small and uncertain. No modern empire can be secure without access to ample reserves of this vital resource. Such reserves can be found in Iran and Irak, now under British control—and Iran and Irak lie beyond Turkey, Syria, Palestine and Suez.

Another reason is Suez itself. With control of that, Britain can continue the Mediterranean blockade and keep her own lifeline to the east when the war is over. Without Suez, Alexandria and its other bases on the eastern Mediterranean, the British Empire would be split down the middle, and Italy and Germany would

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have a clear road to the east. Victory in this region might not facilitate the conquest of Britain herself, but it would make any future defeat of the Axis powers almost impossible.

Why, then, have Hitler and Mussolini hesitated? Because there are thorny obstacles in the path. Turkey is one. She has a large and well trained army, though one ill supplied for modern industrialized war. The Turkish terrain is difficult in winter. Turkey might be left alone, and the advance might be made through Greece and across the sea to Syria and Palestine. But the Berlin-Bagdad route would never be secure if the Dardanelles remained on the flank in the hands of another power. The British fleet is also a formidable foe, though it might conceivably be defied as in the invasion of Norway. The Italian advance into Egypt has a long way to go, and needs help from an attack on Suez in the rear.

The Axis would probably assault Turkey if Turkey alone were in question. The Turks might surrender unless powerful aid were forthcoming, just as other nations have done. It is more likely that they would resist, but even so they would be no match for the German army in the long run. But behind Turkey looms the Soviet Union, which historically has had its own eyes on the Dardanelles, and certainly would dislike to see the straits pass under the control of a great and possibly hostile power. Hitler would hesitate to extend the war to Turkey unless he could buy Stalin's consent with concessions elsewhere or unless he were sure that the USSR would not dare to resist him.

It is here that the great and obscure diplomatic game now centers. Hitler knows well that Stalin does not want to fight and that the Soviet armies, though huge, are none too well organized and supplied. Stalin in turn knows that Hitler's greatest fear is a war on two fronts at once, and that even if he could defeat the Russians inside of a year or so, he would go far to avoid clashing with them unless he had first finished off Britain. Hitler knows that Stalin, too, fears a war on two fronts and would hesitate to take on the Germans unless he were safe from Japan. On this great chessboard the diplomatists are now moving. The Axis-Japanese alliance brought an important piece into play. Moscow is cautiously pushing out pawns, such as the denial that she was informed in advance of Hitler's move into Rumania, the military articles praising Britain's resistance to the air war and the conferences with Britain and the United States. The possible Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact also has an important bearing on the game.

The Russians are great chess players, and it is possible that they may so arrange their pieces as to stay Hitler's hand in the Balkans this winter. It is also possible that Hitler may drive so hard at their inherent weakness as to compel them to give way. Or he may simply upset the board and send all the pieces rolling.

Could Willkie Win?

About October 15, Willkie supporters suddenly shook off some of their enveloping gloom. The word began to go around that his chances of victory were brightening. The betting odds moved slightly in his favor. On October 18 the Gallup poll indicated that five states had swung over to Willkie, giving him a total of eleven, with 117 electoral votes, to Mr. Roosevelt's thirty-seven states and 414 votes. The President was of course still far in the lead. If you assume a possible margin of four-percent error, which Dr. Gallup himself says is the dividing line, Willkie seemed sure of only four states with twenty-four electoral votes while Mr. Roosevelt had twenty-nine with 285 votes, nineteen more than the necessary majority of 266 in the Electoral College. Nevertheless, Willkieites could comfort themselves that their candidate had gained 85 electoral votes between two polls. If he could continue to gain at the same rate in the remaining two and one-half weeks of the campaign he would win by the handsome majority of 329 to 202.

What caused the spurt? Various explanations are offered. It is said that he is doing better campaigning, that there is a reaction against the "smear" charges about his German ancestry. Influential Catholics are working for Willkie, not merely as individuals but with a tendency to identify opposition to the President with general church policy.

Mr. Lewis and some of his followers are cool; so are Mr. Farley and his. It is possible that the international situation may have worked to Mr. Roosevelt's detriment during the past fortnight, since the affiliation of Japan with the Axis increases the fear of war, which Republicans have done their best to exploit.

Probably more important than any of the foregoing factors are the terrific pressure exerted by employing and financial interests, the huge resources available to the Republicans and their virtual monopoly on the skill of the top-notch advertising and publicity brains.

In 1936, the pressure against Roosevelt exerted by Big Business was so blundering that it had a considerable boomerang effect. Not so in 1940. The pressure is now safely in the hands of the most skillful professional publicists in the country. They took over the great anti-Roosevelt crusade after the 1936 fiasco and have been handling it ever since. They started the Willkie build-up some two years before the Convention, timed it beautifully to look like a spontaneous revolt against the reactionaries. They are now doing the same thing, another masterful piece of timing calculated to bring Willkie's strength to its peak at exactly the right moment and thus once more build up the myth of a "People's Crusade."

The advertising moguls did not have to be hired to conduct this campaign. The amendment to the Food

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and Drug laws and the activities of the Federal Trade Commission in correcting the frauds of advertising have embittered them ever since the first years of Mr. Roosevelt. Proprietary remedies, cosmetics and advertised foods are among their biggest accounts. The effort to protect the public from misleading advertising has long looked to them like an assault on private enterprise and the whole capitalist order. Mr. Willkie, as the leading defender of freedom for private business and the prime advocate of less power in Washington, is their God-given champion. Heads of big magazine-publishing houses, advertising agencies and public-relations firms have led the Willkie pressure group.

If anyone tells you it is sheer nonsense that advertisers discriminate against publications that are for Roosevelt, they are either naïve or dishonest. Frequently, one man can decide what publications shall carry a company's advertising. The agency makes up a list that is worked out on as strictly a scientific basis as such things can be. It finally gets to the head man in the advertiser's office who can (and frequently does) lop off publications on a purely personal basis. The publications hardy enough to be pro-Roosevelt have consistently suffered, as study of lineage figures will show.

One large agency at least is head-over-heels at work for Willkie. The chief has assigned a whole corps to the job, despite the fact that many of them are going to vote for Roosevelt. Early in the campaign a memorandum signed by the Brass Hats went out, calling for Willkie volunteers. The implied pressure caused so much resentment that the request was rescinded the very next day. But the Brass Hats got around that easily enough. They merely assigned individuals to different jobs, not bothering to ask whether they were for Roosevelt or Willkie. The underlings are doing a full-time job for Willkie—and the firm pays for it. Naturally, this is not listed as a campaign contribution.

Another agency assigned a group in the radio department to handle the Willkie Question-and-Answer show. They prepare the script and direct the show. The so-called questions are phonies, fictions prepared by the script writers. These radio workers have dubbed Mr. Willkie "The Purple's Choice."

Another agency man is running a syndicated column which is offered free to newspapers throughout the country. It purports to be a gossip column, but it is heavily larded with anti-Roosevelt cracks. In offering this column, the "Syndicate" promises each paper exclusive use in its town for one year. We wonder whether it will not cease after election.

Some of the best and most convincing of the advertisements for Willkie you have been reading in the papers were written by men who are going to vote for Roosevelt. So disgusted have some of them become that they recently formed a little group and offered their services to the Independent Voters' Committee for Roosevelt. The Committee nearly fainted when it learned there were actually advertising men who planned to vote against Willkie.

Corporations are forbidden by law to contribute to political campaigns. Individuals may give no more than $5,000 each and the total contributions from all sources for one candidate are not supposed to exceed $3,000,000. But it is easy to evade the terms of the law. Suppose a newspaper publishes an eloquent editorial boosting Willkie. Suppose further that some wealthy man reprints this editorial all over the country and adds at the end: "This fine editorial is from The Bingville Bugle. You ought to read it." Who is to say that he is spending his money on behalf of Willkie and not on behalf of The Bingville Bugle?

All sorts of organizations to collect and expend money for Willkie through irregular channels have been created. There is an Anti-Third Term Association on Broad Street, New York. In Chicago a group of corporation executives is sending out chain letters. The First National Bank of Englewood recently advertised in The Chicago Daily Tribune, giving its customary statement of condition, but added "In a last stand for democracy, every director and officer of this bank will cast his vote for Wendell Willkie." (Their dislike of the Roosevelt administration did not prevent the bank from having nearly one-half its total assets in government bonds, or from being a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.)

Though the figures still make it seem unlikely that Willkie can overcome the handicap under which he labors, this is no time for supporters of the President to be complacent, to take things easy on the assumption that the battle is already safely won. The forces opposed to him have almost unlimited funds, great political skill and the enthusiasm which comes from the belief that if they are victorious they can shape the social economy of the United States as they please.

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Britain's War Aims

With a new stretch of history behind us, and with the changed background of ideas which events have imposed, how does the question of war aims look today?

One general principle of method is becoming increasingly clear—that we should wherever possible work step by step, both in time and space.

Any measures that we adopt during the war should be framed both with an eye to their possible value in the troubled times that will follow the close of the fighting and their possible relevance to the long-term stability of the post-war world; any action that is dictated by the pressing needs of reconstruction should be carefully considered with a view to its later utilization, in however modified a form, in the framework of the new order. Similarly, any reforms undertaken in Britain should be framed so that they could be extended to other countries as their transformation fell due.

For this, we need some general picture toward which we can work. But the picture should remain a very general one, capable of adjustment in the light of changing circumstance. We want no pretty blueprints, no elaborate ready-made paper schemes; and we must relegate the drawing of national boundaries in Europe to the secondary place that it deserves.

The picture toward which we must work is of a world in which frustration and fear are reduced, security and the general level of well-being raised, and greater opportunities given to all classes to realize the variety and richness of life. In other words, we need a revolution of democracy, to counter the anti-democratic revolutions of the dictator countries; and by a revolution of democracy we mean a transformation which will fulfill the promise implicit in the democratic system and remove the present impediments which frustrate it.

The first presupposition of such a transformed society should be that everyone, and especially children, must get enough of all the foods which science has shown to be necessary for full health and maximum development. They must be decently housed and clothed, and must be provided with an adequate health service. In addition to increased security against want and ill health, they must have increased security against unemployment, against war, and against arbitrary arrest or imprisonment.

On the positive side, there must be increased opportunities not only of education, but of access to culture in the widest sense (Britain is an urban civilization almost without any urban culture), of travel and adventure, of new possibilities in the use of leisure. All this implies a type of society in which economic criteria are no longer allowed, as in the laissez-faire period, to override social good and human values. Finally, we must redefine the individual's rights and duties.

For all this, organization and machinery is required; a prime aim should be to keep it flexible. For security from the fear of war, we need some scheme of pooled security insurance on as large a basis as possible. The bases for naval, military and air security may well be quite different at the outset. For military and air security, which could begin on a regional basis, unity of command is needful; and this in turn demands some central body capable of giving decisions and some pooled funds to be centrally expended.

This is the germ or embryo of a united Europe. It is assuredly wise not to press at the outset for any elaborate federal system, but to rely on a loose and flexible organization, of the same general type as the British Commonwealth, but with the addition of the central body and central fund needed for taking and implementing decisions.

On the economic side, we shall not get rid of the chronic insecurity of the trade cycle, nor shall we be able to plan for the expanding consumption involved in a raised standard of life, without employing large-scale organization and thoroughgoing control for certain key raw materials and primary products.

To ensure increasing consumption, large development schemes will be needed in the tropical colonies and other backward areas; these, if properly conceived, will remove most of the "have-nots'" grievances, but some measure of political reform and international supervision will clearly be needed too.

The next prerequisite is an educational system in which class privileges are reduced to a minimum and there is some approach to real equality of opportunity. There must be far greater opportunity for interchange of students, teachers, professional men and research workers, and for travel in general; and democracy must go one better than dictatorship by building leisure organizations which shall not only be more excellent in themselves than the *Kraft durch Freude* or the *Dopo Lavoro*, but shall be international, the basis out of which a sense of European patriotism could grow.

That picture is deliberately vague. Let us take some examples of how its requirements might be met, step by concrete step, in practice, and how the pressing and sometimes appalling needs of war and of reconstruction might be transformed into opportunities. We may begin with food; food is basic to all else, and the first and most urgent need of peace will be the relief of hunger over large areas of the continent of Europe. Even in wartime, however, we are making drastic changes in our national food policy—vitamizing bread and margarine, extending the provision of free milk, taking steps to prevent the prices of various vital food-

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stuffs from rising, organizing schemes for what is officially styled communal feeding, but which would sound much more agreeable under some such title as sociable meals, with great savings both in labor and in cost.

Our new food policy is based on the new scientific standards of diet which are a product of the last thirty years (vitamins were not discovered until 1911). Unfortunately, the protective foods, rich in vitamins and mineral salts, are for the most part too expensive for the lower income groups to buy enough of, as numerous surveys have shown. Hence the need for subsidies, for free milk, for cutting down costs to a minimum.

To deal with the immediate post-war problem of hunger and ill health, a rapid survey of the food deficiencies and the diseases in different parts of Europe will be needed. So too will an army of medical men and others to organize relief. For this, it is by no means too early to begin organizing the large number of qualified refugee doctors now in this country.

Once this physiological standard is adopted as the primary requisite, a considerable adjustment of European agriculture will follow. Meanwhile the army of doctors engaged in relief can gradually become the beginning of a really adequate health service.

But the relief of hunger implies the distribution of large supplies of food. And this should not be left to private charity, however well organized. It is desirable, both in view of the size of the problem and still more because of the implications for long-term stability, that the task should be entrusted to some special international organization, backed by as many governments as possible. The present British control of raw materials and shipping should be retained, but transformed from an instrument of war into an agency for planned stability. Already, be it noted, this blockade is not purely restrictive. For neutral countries such as Spain it is being employed as a method of rationing. Translate this into more positive terms, and you have the possibility of rationing for expanding consumption.

Meanwhile at home there is the possibility of the government gathering up the loose ends of wartime reform and incorporating them in a policy of a national minimum. This would be of enormous value as a stimulus to our own effort. But it should not be allowed to remain domestic. It should be the first instalment of a social policy for Europe, put into force in the one area where this is now possible, but only awaiting the opportunities of victory and reconstruction to be extended over Europe. And if so, let us not speak of a National Minimum; let it be a People's Minimum, publicly proclaimed as the earnest of what we pledge as our aim for the peoples of other parts of Europe too.

Once the implications of the step-by-step policy are realized, it is remarkable how many actions undertaken or planned for here and now, can be linked up with a permanent and widespread system. This is in some ways even more strikingly the case with industrial reconstruction. The needs here will be almost as urgent as those of hunger, and will cry as loud. First priority must be given to repairing means of communication and transport—docks, railroads, rolling stock, warehouses, power stations, canals. If heavy bombing continues for long, repair alone will be a huge item. There will also be much physical destruction of industrial plants, and a vast amount of repairs to be made to overworked plant. Then there is the problem of switching over from a war to a peace economy.

Here it is even more essential than with food that the supplying of the necessary raw materials, and still more the necessary credits, shall not be left in private hands. Banks and financial houses make loans on the basis of credit-worthiness and the prospect of returns, but the only possible basis for reconstruction after this war must be credit in relation to needs—and needs have a way of being inversely related with credit-worthiness, as only too well exemplified by our own distressed areas. We need an inter-governmental Reconstruction Commission, with official British and American support. Here again the retention of the organization for controlling raw materials and shipping will be necessary if reconstruction is not to be delayed by the misuse of shipping space for nonessentials, and if it is to have an orderly development.

Perhaps most important, we can, if we choose, control the process of industrial reconstruction in such a way as to make war more unlikely. A glance at a map of the economic geography of Europe will show how some of the major centers of production cut right across national boundaries. It is perfectly possible for the Reconstruction Commission to require such an area to form a single regional organization, to which the necessary raw materials and credits could be rationed, to be distributed according to an approved plan. If any firm or group of firms tried to contract out, or to pursue a policy not in accord with the general plan, why that would be just too bad, as you say in America—they would not receive either the necessary raw materials or the credit. Planned control involves the possibility of efficient sanctions.

Certain industries set up for purely political reasons, like some of the German *ersatz* factories, and others located in uneconomic situations for purely military reasons, like some of the armament works in the center of Germany, should be scrapped or relocated in accordance with a general European plan. After this was done, it would be found that no large nation would have the possibility of putting all its industrial potential behind its military effort—its industry would be split up into several portions, each portion integrated in a regional group.

This state of affairs could be made permanent by transferring the powers of the Reconstruction Commission to a Raw Material Control Board, controlling perhaps ten or a dozen of the world's key materials. The Board should be as universal as possible—an interna-

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tional club open to any nation willing to abide by the simple rules which would be laid down. By thus thinking ahead from reconstruction to the long-term aims of the New Order, the world could rid itself of many of the evils of unrestricted national sovereignty without troubling about any super-national political framework.

Similarly with security. Our recent lease of bases in the western hemisphere to the United States, and the Canadian-American military agreement, show how the most far-reaching decisions can be taken with the minimum of political organization to implement them. In the Prime Minister's immortal phrase, the affairs of the various nations become "somewhat mixed up," and mixed up constructively.

We have in this country today Czech, Polish, Norwegian, Belgian, French and Dutch legions. Why do we not unite them, however symbolically and with however slight a bond, in a single army? So too with their governments. We still play the time-honored diplomatic game. The Dutch government is no longer in Holland; it is in London. But we continue to have an Ambassador to it. Why, instead of this, or at least in addition to it, do we not arrange to set up a Joint Allied Council as a preliminary step toward the central decision-taking body at the heart of the new Commonwealth of Europe?

The step-by-step policy can be very fruitful with the colonies. So long as we have control of the seas, the French colonies, notably perhaps those in tropical Africa, are helpless without our aid; they can find no market for their exports, they can import nothing, neither a new uniform for the Governor nor new medical stores to cope with tropical disease. The Prime Minister has, however, pledged economic assistance to any of them which join our cause. He has also suggested that the surpluses now piling up in the colonies, as well as in other primary producing countries, should be stored, ready to be rushed into hungry Europe as soon as the Nazis fall. Here are two big steps toward a sensible colonial policy for the post-war world. The possibility of a United States of Africa, at least of tropical Africa, lies ready to our hand. By means of some international supervisory body, charged among other things with the duty of seeing that self-government was progressively realized, coupled with an international grant-giving agency to assist long-term development, and with the throwing open of a certain number of technical posts in the colonial service to nationals of any country, we could take any remaining moral reproach out of imperialism, make the claims of the "have-nots" meaningless, and help the backward tropics to develop to their own benefit as well as to that of the world at large.

It is a big jump from tribal Africa to the British public-school system—yet both need to be thought of in relation to the post-war world. The public schools have done a great work. Yet it is also true that they are the symbols of a very real and very serious class cleavage in our educational system, which quite prevents it from being democratic. Furthermore, the public schools are going to be very hard hit both by the financial results of the war and by the progressive decrease in the number of young people that we are facing. Why not set on foot, now, a Commission of Inquiry to discover how best the public schools could be fitted into a unified and single system, as our educational contribution to the constructive revolution of democracy?

So one could go on. The organizations to entertain and educate our troops could be a step toward a new and vigorous culture in Britain, and also toward an international set of leisure organizations after the war. The belated recognition by America that she has been sheltering behind the British navy is dragging the United States back into participation in world politics, and could be made the basis of essential schemes of world collaboration. The fact that the technical branches of the League of Nations are now at Princeton might even lead to a revitalization of a reformed League. The justifiable anxiety of the United States at the piling up of surpluses in the Americas may well later overcome her reluctance to participate in international schemes of commodity control—especially if we show readiness to put the machinery of our control of raw materials and shipping at the disposition of an international body. The shock to public opinion caused by the wholesale and panicky internment of refugees can, if pressure continues to be brought, be made to lead to a genuine sense of international solidarity, cutting across nationalist feeling. What is more, it might even lead to the full use of anti-Nazi refugees, through a properly conceived propaganda policy, as agents of the European revolution.

The pieces of the jigsaw all fall into place once it is realized that if we are to win the war, our war aims must offer the world something better than Hitler's. It is not enough to offer liberation, or a return to 1939. Even if it were possible to do so, Europe does not want to return to 1939. In 1939 the world was in a situation out of which there was no escape except by some form of revolution. The Nazi movement was one attempt at this revolutionary escape. Hitler is now completing the Nazi scheme with his plan for Europe. He at least offers some kind of political stability on the Continent, some economic security, some organization in place of chaos. He believes, possibly rightly, that people will tolerate lower standards of living and even a second-rate status in relation to the German *Herrenvolk*, provided they are free of the recurrent fear of war and meaningless economic depression.

France failed to offer any positive solution to the revolutionary situation; she collapsed and was forced into a feeble imitation of the Nazi answer. But Britain can outbid Hitler. His revolution is destructive of accepted standards and the tradition of European civili-

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zation—ours can be constructive, bringing fulfilment of the promises implicit in our tradition. His is totalitarian and dictatorial; ours can be democratic, a revolution of planned freedom. His plan is concerned with one not over-large land-mass; ours, thanks to our command of the sea, can involve the world and its resources.

Our war aims must thus be revolutionary as well as conservative. They must be based on the primary assumption that this is a war of ideas, a civil war in Europe, and not merely another nationalist war between sovereign states. They must be conservative in that we are determined to save the tradition of Western civilization that the Nazis are deliberately destroying: they must be revolutionary in their insistence that that civilization shall be allowed to burst the bonds of frustration in which it is now gripped, and to fulfill its implicit promise in a new transformation.

We shall not win the war unless we believe this and become imbued with a crusading spirit and a sense of a mission to be fulfilled. Neither shall we win unless we proclaim our belief, and proclaim also some revolutionary goal worth rebellion on the part of the peoples now under Nazi control. We shall not win unless we embark, now, on a policy of social transformation at home and in our dependent empire, which will serve as an earnest of our future plans for whatever parts of the world we may succeed in freeing from Germany's grip, and whatever other regions may later wish to join our New Order on our terms of freedom, planned development and joint security. JULIAN HUXLEY

The Reply for Mr. Willkie

MR. WILLKIE has not written an answer to our supplement about him and apparently does not intend to do so. The only detailed reply received by us from the Willkie headquarters was written, according to its third paragraph, by a research man of the Republican National Committee. This reply was inserted in The Congressional Record of October 2 by Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and is available there to all. We have prepared a longer comment on it which will be mailed to anyone interested for ten cents to cover costs of preparation. Below is a summary of its main points, with our rejoinders.

The reply begins by stating that our supplement was to be distributed as a campaign document by the Democratic National Committee and was to be used as a "political smear." It is worth noting that the supplement was prepared entirely by the editors and staff of The New Republic on their own initiative, as one of a long series on public questions; and that the Democratic organization knew nothing about it before it was on the press.

Mr. Willkie in Business

The reply states that Mr. Willkie had no responsibility for and took no part in the "speculative orgies of the 1920's," or, specifically, in the write-ups of stock values incident to the formation of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, because this corporation was organized in the spring of 1929, and Mr. Willkie did not become its counsel until October 1, 1929.

Even supposing this were the whole truth, it is scarcely conceivable that a man who knew nothing of the transactions incident to the merger, or one who did not approve of them, would be asked to become its general counsel, or would accept if asked. As a matter of fact, the stock of Commonwealth and Southern was traded in during the summer of 1929 only on a "when-issued" basis; on October 2 the corporation applied for a listing on the New York Stock Exchange, submitting a pro-forma balance sheet, and the merger was not finally consummated until early in 1930. When Commonwealth and Southern of New York was formed by consolidation with Allied Power and Light (March 29, 1930), Wendell L. Willkie was listed in the certificate as one of the original directors.

The Republican memorandum proceeds to defend Commonwealth and Southern financing on the following grounds: that at the time of its organization there was no sale of common stock to the public, that the $45,000,000 paid in cash for stock and option warrants was paid by a few concerns, and that remaining stock and option warrants were issued in exchange for the stock and warrants of the holding companies to be consolidated. The cash paid in then, and later, by the holders of subsidiary warrants, gave to the corporation, it is argued, "the financial strength which enabled it to carry certain of its subsidiaries through the depression years. . . ."

The point made by The New Republic, not refuted by this argument, is that the insiders who paid cash unloaded at higher market values which gave them a quick profit. The public in those frenzied days eagerly bought stocks of utility mergers far above their true value. The burden of carrying this big load of stock and options caused the corporation a great deal of trouble during the depression.

The memorandum, answering our charge that the merger involved a "write-up" of $531,205,571.92, states flatly that there was no write-up. To prove this statement it says that Commonwealth and Southern merely entered on its books the cost of the stocks of subsidiaries acquired. This cost, the reply admits, *was* $531,000,000 in excess of the book value of these

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operating companies. "The only possible criticism of Commonwealth and Southern in this connection might be that as a matter of business judgment it, like many others in that year, paid too much in 1929 for the stocks it then acquired."

This is a charitable way indeed of describing one of the most common forms of write-up. At the board meeting of February 28, 1933, at which the $531,000,000 excess was written off again, the chairman stated, following that action, that "the stocks and securities of the operating subsidiaries are now carried on the books of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation at a cost which substantially represented their value at the time of acquisition."

The Republican memorandum states that when the corporation issued a consolidated balance sheet (containing the assets of the subsidiaries as well as those of the holding company), the write-up was omitted. So it was; this first consolidated balance sheet was submitted to the Stock Exchange, which might have objected to the water. But all subsequent balance sheets issued to the *public*, until 1933, contained the write-up!

The reply then refers to the increase in the corporation's earnings and in its sales of power since Mr. Willkie assumed its presidency in 1934. This we never denied; the question is whether the improvement is attributable to Mr. Willkie's own policy, or to the reductions of rates stimulated by TVA competition, which he repeatedly denounced as confiscatory. In spite, however, of the great growth in sales and profits, the corporation has never been able to restore its preferred dividend from $3 to $6 or to pay any dividend on its common stock—an eloquent comment on its original capitalization.

Willkie and the TVA

Under this heading, the Republican National Committee's "research man" enters ten separate objections. They will be dealt with by number.

(1) The "research man" denies that a utility propaganda campaign was carried on against the TVA at the time of its authorization by Congress. He calmly ignores, however, the utility-company advertisements in Valley newspapers cited by The New Republic.

(2) and (3) The New Republic stated that the TVA directors, in the beginning, were prepared to pursue a live-and-let-live policy toward the Commonwealth and Southern. The "research man" first says that no agreement was reached between the TVA and the Commonwealth and Southern, and then, in (3), switches about and gives its details. Apparently the point that he has in mind, but does not express, is that the agreement was not all-inclusive and everlasting.

(4) and (5) In discussing the famous Ashwander case, The New Republic raised the question of Mr. Willkie's good faith as a business man. He had entered into an extremely important agreement with the TVA, and yet the Edison Electric Institute, of which he was a director, was trying to frustrate that agreement by secretly backing a suit against the TVA by the preferred stockholders of the Alabama Power Company. The "research man" now quotes from the minutes of the Edison Electric Institute to show that Mr. Willkie subsequently entered a dissent to the Institute's action. However, this does not clear Mr. Willkie. Though he was aware of what the Institute was doing, he continued to behave as if the understanding he had with the TVA's directors was a genuine agreement. It was only by chance that they were able later to find out that the Edison Electric Institute, rather than the Alabama Company's stockholders, was their real opponent.

(6) The New Republic said that a second attempt on the part of the TVA and the Roosevelt administration to deal with Mr. Willkie, at a time when a Southeast power grid was under discussion, was broken off by the so-called nineteen-company attack on the TVA's constitutionality. An informal agreement had been created between the administration and Mr. Willkie, and this was shattered by the nineteen-company suit. That Mr. Willkie was prepared to work with the administration was certainly the understanding of TVA officials and many Washington newspaper correspondents. The "research man" merely denies, without offering evidence, that the administration was given any reason to think that an informal agreement existed.

(7) The "research man's" reply to The New Republic's accusations in the case of the extinction of Mr. George Fort Milton's Chattanooga News is to admit them all in frank detail, but to deny, unnecessarily, that the pressures used against The News were contrary to law. The "research man" also denies that Mr. Willkie himself was involved. The New Republic carefully placed the blame on Mr. Willkie's company, not on Mr. Willkie personally.

(8) To The New Republic's charge that the Commonwealth and Southern opposed, by extremely dubious methods, the TVA's rural power lines, the "research man" merely says that in some of the Valley areas lines "were built more rapidly than the economics of the situation justified." This unsupported statement hardly answers the point.

(9) The New Republic pointed out that, as the TVA's system was developed, the Commonwealth and Southern's Valley subsidiaries rapidly reduced their rates, and drew the reasonable inference that it was the TVA's example that induced them to do so. This seems like a simple enough statement. The "research man's" answer is to repeat the familiar but false accusation of the utility industry that the TVA's rates have been possible only through disguised government subsidies.

(10) In his discussion of the incident concerning the Michigan State Senator, Mr. Earl W. Munshaw, the "research man," as in the Chattanooga News case,

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agrees with The New Republic's statement of the facts, but insists that they show nothing illegal. The payment of a fee by a utility company to a state legislator is, unhappily, not uncommon, and in this instance may not have involved a violation of law, but it can hardly be said that a nice sense of propriety was shown by Mr. Willkie's business associates.

Mr. Willkie and Labor

The Republican reply to this section of our supplement does not deny the main facts of the record—that three Commonwealth and Southern subsidiaries promoted company unions and were found guilty of unfair labor practices by the National Labor Relations Board.

The reply also admits that seven subsidiaries engaged well known labor-espionage agencies, but states that the operatives hired were not labor spies but detectives checking up on street-car fare collections.

In answer to this it would be sufficient to point out that three of these seven companies—Consumer's Power, Ohio Edison and Pennsylvania Power—do not have street railways, but are exclusively power companies. In addition, the La Follette Committee records show, in a number of cases, exactly what the detectives were doing—and they were doing labor espionage. One, for instance, turned up as recording secretary of the street-railway union at Willkie's Southern Indiana Gas and Electric.

Mr. A. E. Lawson, secretary and accountant of National Corporation Service, Inc., testified that the work done by his company for Ohio Edison was partly labor espionage. Operative 104, assigned to this job, was a wire-tapping and dictaphone expert. Mr. Lawson in a sworn affidavit also said that an operative, whom he named, and who was employed at Commonwealth and Southern's Youngstown municipal railway, was a "stool in the Mahoning garage" of that company and "wrote reports about what went on in the shop. He joined and helped form the auto mechanics' union." There are numerous other specific instances in the records of the La Follette Committee which prove that Willkie subsidiaries employed labor spies and anti-union agents, of several varieties—including a female expert at whispering campaigns. We could discover nothing in these records to support Mr. Willkie's or the Republican "research man's" denial of the practice.

The Nazis and Stefan George

Fascisti in 1936 dragged Federigo García Lorca through the streets of Granada and shot him down. The misfortune of Stefan George, the aristocratic German poet, was even greater. The Nazi politicians hitched their iron chariot to his muse; Lorca's spirit at least remained uncompromised. Officially, George's illustrious poetry was represented as a prophecy of the Third Reich, the precursor of its hideous ideology. The great literary prize of the present German government is called by George's name. In the world's eyes, he figures as the Nazi poet.

The violence was done, as it were, over his dead body. A very few months after the *coup d'état*, Goebbels approached George in a letter offering him membership in the Prussian Academy of Arts and Sciences —recently denuded of its respectable members. George did not reply; unfortunately he never answered letters. (He was inordinately shy and, possibly with some deliberateness, haughtily reserved; he wished no personal relations with the public; his address was his publisher's.) A few months later, another message came from Goebbels. The occasion was George's sixty-fifth birthday. The public telegram read "To the Poet and Seer, to the Master of the Word, to the Good German, joyous memories and most cordial wishes for happiness." Revolutionary regimes, it must be understood, still find a utility in poets. Their voices continue to bear weight. Bestowed on insurrectionary governments, their sanctions have the effect of informal coronations. The fact is, not merely a few romantic people but the run of men persist in regarding what speaks in the poetic voice as something surpassing the individual and society itself—an ideal power, the spirit of Man, almost the Divinity. No less ardently than did the ministers of William and Mary and Queen Anne, modern revolutionary leaders therefore beat their towns for singers. Mussolini's regal treatment of d'Annunzio—was it as much a payment for old debts as a pension to a lyrical ally? "Literature and Revolution"—what more distinctly is it than an imperious call to literary artists "filled with a great desire to speak about the Revolution"? Even Pound, the old *canaille*, has his utility.

George again did not reply. This time, however, he packed his trunks and went to Italy, in company with the poet Karl Wolfskehl—one of the rare persons to whom he was bound in friendship, and a Jew. There and in Switzerland he spent his final years, perhaps in the naïve belief that he had outmaneuvered Goebbels. At Locarno on his deathbed five years ago he pledged his friends not to ship his body to Germany while a Nazi stayed in power. He lies buried in Swiss soil. Still he was doomed. Dead, no less than alive, he was of prime importance to the Nazis; alive or dead, for semi-conscious but forceful reasons, the person they most needed as their laureate.

Of these reasons, one was the circumstance that George famously was the poet and the visionary Goebbels' telegram had called him. Indeed he deserved his

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fame. His is a poetry immediately perceptible to all the senses, exquisitely resonant and pictorial, often of a brocade-like or satiny splendor. A magic of the senses, the body's "enigmatic weight and opacity," inform his language; and with its prevalent temple-tone, long rhythms connected with a massy, frequently metallic diction, architectonic rhymes and dense concentrated expression, his style achieves a monumental intimacy that as a lyrist sets him by Dante, Keats and Baudelaire. (A special typography, itself an individual variant of the Carolingian minuscule, in his case stresses the monumentality, lending the printed page the aspect of antique inscriptions.) Rilke alone among contemporary German poets equaled him in point of artistic stature and intellectual scope. Of the two men, George ultimately had the mightier will and attained the more heroic expression. Hard, gem-like, his sapiently modulated poems approach the classic ideal of the finite, self-contained, serenely immobile object. Their breaths are sustained, their cadences full. The materials, which include a precise, intricate phraseology tantamount to a new language, subtle assonances and sublime tropes, are balanced and ordered in the most minute detail.

What his words "overhung with echoes" and sensory images make sensible with a gravity and a play of gesture almost hieratic mainly is the interior life. Plasm of the Pindaric, the chivalric and the classical-Arabian worlds obscurely persisting in the modern psyche, constitutes the subject of one of the volumes which earliest exhibited his mastery of form and rhythm and color—the tripartite "Book of the Shepherds," "The Legends and Songs" and the "Hanging Gardens." Brilliantly atmospheric, "The Year of the Soul," the succeeding volume—it is one of George's performances most pervaded by passion and the breath of enchantment—represents with realistic imagery a soul immanent in nature, realizing its being and destiny in the cycle of the seasons, the life of the landscape, and a love-relation. The substance of the lapidary poems, which in their well nigh impeccable interfusion of meaning and verse-structure, their intense quality of intimacy, must be considered the apex of George's architectural art (they are the cyclic twenty-four lyrics composing the "Prelude" to "The Carpet of Life); this content, again, is the poetic force, the creative personality's profound control that appeared to the young Dante as the "lord of terrible aspect" in "a mist the color of fire" and to the childlike Novalis as the seraph "bearing him in its arms through space." This Idea of Duty, intuitively perceived, George personified in the figure, gestures and words of a rose and standard-bearing angel, "whose voice was almost like my own." It comes as the envoy of "*das schöne Leben*," separating the poet from the world while revealing both its meaning and ultimate reality; proposing as examples to him in his loneliness "the Attic poets, pure servants of the gods, the fog-bound islands' sinister prince of spirits (Shakespeare), Vaucluse's hermit, and the Florentine"; affording him comradeship on his ever darkening way.

George in fact was not only the German poet who profitably had gone to school to Rossetti and Baudelaire, but—in the face of the circumstance that his formal ideal was less musical than plastic art—*par excellence* the German symbolist. His association with the symbolist movement was actual. In the late 80's he had gone to Paris, cultivated the friendship of the movement's representatives and frequented Mallarmé's Tuesday receptions in the Rue de Rome. He is said to have been the sole German welcome at them. Possibly a homogeneity of background provided the basis for the bond between him and the Frenchmen. While born in the Rhine-wine country, George was descended from a Catholic family originally Lorrainese, with Belgian connections. There even exists a story that the German at one time called himself not Stefan but Etienne George. In Paris, in any case, he was excited not only by the spectacle of Mallarmé "bleeding for his thought-picture" but by the proud intransigences of Villiers de l'Isle Adam. In after years he frequently had the purity and steadfastness of these men before his mental eye. "Franken," one of the occasional poems of the relatively late "The Seventh Ring" and the expression of his gratitude to France, hails them as fathers and as friends. And in Paris, in their company, there clarified his own feeling that poetry was fiction, which is to say creation, and the religious art in which man reëstablishes his original, noble nature.

To a Germany in esthetic matters under the domination of a dying formless romanticism and a vigorous, equally formless naturalism, and infected with the commercial spirit, he had returned as bannerman of the idealistic conception of literature and artistic responsibility. At Berlin he founded a small periodical, Blätter für die Kunst. The "Leaves" tried to combat the dominant tendencies and demonstrate the poetic *ethos* with publications of George's meticulous translations of Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé—and with publications of his own poems, which at first paralleled those of his French masters. Certain of their rhythms and images were definitely modeled upon Baudelaire's; and a dramatic personage who figures in them, the effeminate emperor-priest Algabal (Heliogabalus), in point of blent delicacy, sterility and coldness of blood is brother to the Hérodias of Mallarmé and Huysmans' des Esseintes—and probably like them a semi-satire on estheticism and aversion from the natural. For years George met with little or no sympathy. His poems were circulated only in minute private editions. To Hofmannsthal he wrote that it was merely *his* fellowship that kept him from abandoning German and composing in French. Gradually a circle of young

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poets and prosemen formed about him, and in his top hat George "gave his little senate laws," insisting on the purification of style and manner and complete sincerity, driving himself to ever more fastidious workmanship, forging his amazing lyrical and line-for-line translations from the Italian of Dante and d'Annunzio, the English of Shakespeare, Swinburne, Dowson and Rossetti, the French of Verhaeren, and the Polish of Lieder. It is said that what alone deterred Rilke from joining the circle was George's characteristic proposal of himself as arbiter of the presentability of the younger man's poems. Rumors of his personality and austere ideals meanwhile reached the public and excited comic misconceptions. It was assumed that the group about him constituted a secret order, with violet robes and rituals. At length editions of his poems were placed on sale, and George commenced reading from them at private residences. Standing there before a yellow curtain in a soft light, half psalmodizing while he declaimed, he appeared to certain graceless spectators like one of those old ladies who wear toupees. But while the majority of readers found his verse abhorrently formal and ineloquent, by the time of the First World War his fame at least had grown immense.

This fame then was the first of the reasons rendering George's assent to Nazidom archi-desirable to its chieftains. The more pressing was the circumstance that this seer, this correspondent to the primitive conception of the poet, this creator of verse "cosmically full of secrets which only slowly unveil themselves to searchers," had in his later Dantesque tones prophesied the advent of a New Reich embodying highest spiritual values. George even had claimed to have perceived the forefront of this "third Realm"—"veritable child of the other two"—"raising its diadem in the Rhine." Actually the empire whose emergence George perceived, or said he perceived, was nothing other than the fulfilment of a fair dream, in the world since the time of Joachim of Floris, the twelfth century; "Faust: Part II" merely had given it new visibility in the tragic figure of Euphorion, the son of Faust and Helena. Through Goethe it had occupied Heine and the Young Germans of 1830 and reflected itself anew in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean" as in d'Annunzio's vision of a "Third Rome" ("La Gloria"). This dream is the idea of a world-order, successive to both the pagan and the Christian, in which the reconciliation of body and spirit, beauty and holiness, materialism and idealism, will accomplish itself; God reincarnate Himself on earth and in the moment; Jesus embody himself in a fraternal, just society. The monk of Floris had proclaimed, "The reign of the Father is over; that of the Son is passing; that of the Holy Ghost still is to come"; and George's formula for it was "the divinization of the body, the incarnation of the god." The leader who was to actualize this realm of spiritual men haunts "The Seventh Ring"—the tense, hymnic volume of 1907, which first expressed George's presentiment of decisive, dire and triumphal events—in the phantom of "the greatest Frederick," Frederick II of Sicily, the Italian Hohenstaufen whose personality reconciled Hellenic, medieval and magian civilization.

It was George's myth, the prophecy; the upshoot of his feeling that the Word, if not God, was his coadjutor. Doubtless he thought the race, for all its deviations, profoundly directed to the new order. He had always been a millenniarian. Despite the European *Weltschmerz* of his earlier poetry, the form from the first symbolized his feeling of a perfection possible on earth and in the body; the typography, a new culture recombining those of the *Imperium Romanum* and of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. Always the idealist, he believed his spiritual increase the counterpart of a universal growth. During his fourth decade, he had encountered in the flesh "*das schöne Leben,*" which the Gabriel-like angel of "The Prelude" had announced. This being he calls Maximin. Whether Maximin indeed was an individual, as some aver—a sixteen-year-old Viennese; or a composite of the pre-war German youth, the free and happy *Wandervögel,* is of no moment. Important only is the fact that George in his *hubris* thought to see before him the child of his own genius, the most springlike and spiritual of youths since Greek days, the pledge of a divine reincarnation. Aware too of the imminent *débâcle* of the old order, he strove, in the somewhat rhetorical "Star of the Federation" and his last volume "The New Realm," to speed the far-off coming event by a prefiguration.

Numbers of his good compatriots nonetheless mistook this myth for a sign of coming German world-power. Nazis in their ignorance identified his Reich with Hitler's caliphate. Those who did not saw the usefulness of persuading the dreaming German public to do so. George had repeated the error of Nietzsche —Nietzsche, whose will to power he deplored. "It should *sing,* the new soul!" he had exclaimed. Like the philosopher, the poet too generously had accredited creative force to the Dionysian, the dynamism of animal and divine Nature whose ungoverned outburst he foresaw, and involuntarily persuaded his naïve readers to put a premium on barbarism and battle. In justice to Nazi theorists, it must also be said that certain of his political principles superficially give the appearance of coinciding with theirs. He represented aristocracy, believed in government by an elite, in sovereigns—even though the only contemporary ones whose praise he sang were Leo XIII and Elizabeth of Austria. He condemned the Germany of William II and the peace for its vulgarity; and the Kaiserdom and the Republic were National Socialism's arch-enemies. Certain characteristics of his later poetry may also have encouraged the Nazis to suppose him semi-consciously the fascist—the coloring of sadism, the adolescent images of violence and heroics, secret con-

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jurations, oaths, daggers carried in laurel wreaths, etc., which flowed from the waning of his powers. Goebbels, moreover, at Heidelberg had been a student of Friedrich Gundolf's (*recte* Gundelfinger), the literary and historical critic—one of George's leading disciples and a pre-fascist Caesarian; and probably the future Minister of Propaganda had attributed Gundolf's ideas, or what he took them to be, to Gundolf's master. The name "the Third Reich" unquestionably was borrowed from Joachim through George.

Thus, balked in the poet's lifetime, the Nazis seized the opportunity presented to them by the apparent powerlessness in which death had left the poet. A large wreath "from the German Reich" was laid on his grave. Goebbels announced his possession of a letter from George acknowledging spiritual paternity of Hitler's gangsterdom. This letter needless to say has never been published. Doubtless it defies invention. A speech by Gottfried Benn before a Writers' Congress, a book by Moeller van der Broeck, proclaimed that German culture had two heads, Hitler and George. Over timid protests from some of the poet's friends within the country and outspoken ones from France, the laureation was accomplished.

The inevitable followed. Inspired articles began questioning the reality of George's gifts; they were "mere verbal magic." The strictures of the old nationalists who had called his work "adaptations from the Gallo-Semitic" (!) were heard anew; it was said he was "no German." The politicians had let him drop. Persons who in late years have sought to dispose of copies of his poems claim to have discovered almost no demand for them. Presumably they have been set on the invisible index; perhaps the truth of the slight divergence of his aim from Adolf's has emerged. This is certain: no totalitarianism can brook a rival religion.

The last laugh as ever is the gods'. The mob's inability permanently to pervert the spirit and essential determination of nature once again is plain. Under no moon could George be turned into a popular poet; predestinately he speaks only for a special category, that of men who, facing the interior life, have experience of the disciplining, ordinating, inspiring control called the Truth by scholars, the Ideal by men of action, the Muse by singers. An enduring affirmation of only what was precious to and profound in him mounts from his impeccable verse, an affirmation primarily of the artist's *ethos*, above all of the realm of the firmamental body—the artist's earthly goal, the core of his religiosity, the only star worth hitching man's frail wagon to. Their glory was its burden; and behold!—in its purple and fine linen the poetry comes to us; resuming the career from which misconception and abuse temporarily diverted it, among men who possibly but for this misconception and misuse might never have found themselves on its beneficent way.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Washington Notes

Smear Roosevelt

IT IS JUST POSSIBLE that Mr. Willkie's campaign for the presidency isn't a joke, after all. At any rate, reports coming in from states in the Northeast tell of a sudden ferocity on the part of Mr. Willkie's middle-class supporters. Up until about October 1, this election was unquestionably the dullest in recent times. But now—if these reports are to be believed—it is becoming as bitter as the Ku Klux crusade against Mr. Al Smith in 1928.

Considered individually, the reports are not particularly sensational. Mostly they tell of petty economic intimidation: housewives propagandizing the grocery boy, suburbanites high-pressuring the local storekeepers. What is alarming about them is the ugly temper that they reveal among a large group of Willkie supporters.

To explain the quality of this bitterness, suppose we turn to the chief Democratic crime to date, the extravaganza about Mr. Willkie's German ancestry mimeographed by the Negro division of the Democratic National Committee. It was inexcusable, yet it is an unhappy fact that American presidential campaigns are regularly accompanied by unsavory whisperings. Everyone familiar with our political history will be able to recall and identify the whisperings against Mr. Wilson in 1916, against Mr. Harding in 1920, against Mr. Hoover in 1928, the last of these blossoming forth in an exquisitely scurrilous volume, "Under Two Flags."

But the Democratic whisperings about Mr. Willkie's German forebears in the current campaign, and all the whisperings of previous elections, have been furtive, out of the side of the mouth. They were not countenanced by decent people. There has been nothing in this campaign to indicate that the Roosevelt followers would not regard Mr. Willkie—if by any chance he were elected—as a thoroughly patriotic American. There has been nothing to indicate that they would not believe he would work for the good of the republic according to his own benighted lights.

Middle-class Willkie supporters, according to the stories received here, are worlds away from this spirit. The smear-Roosevelt stories that are being circulated are familiar; chiefly they concern the personal morals and business successes of his immediate family. But they are not being told furtively; they are being retailed by supposedly respectable people with brazen earnestness. And the Willkie supporters angrily deny Mr. Roosevelt's essential good faith and patriotism. Such a spirit will make the democratic system unworkable.

The Willkie campaign, as well as it can be judged here, seems to be operating on two largely distinct planes. On one level, Mr. Willkie chug-chugs from town to town, speaking his loosely hung, discursive pieces. So far, he has conspicuously failed to set the electorate afire. On his special train, newspaper correspondents languidly argue whether his thousands of miles of campaigning have gained him a single new vote. Below this, on a separate level, the middle class carries on its angry, passionate, hate-Roosevelt crusade.

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Largely this crusade seems to be spontaneous, unaffected by anything that Mr. Willkie is saying or doing. In my opinion, to the degree that he has stimulated it at all, it has been by acting as the involuntary target of eggs, vegetables and wastebaskets. Something of the atmosphere of a prize-fight has been created, and it has evoked in the middle class the same blood lust that used to be noticeable among Mr. Tex Rickard's customers in the twirling twenties. However, if this parallel were to be extended to Mr. Willkie, it must be admitted that his nearest equivalent would be Two-Ton Tony Galento, the Jersey beer barrel, the man who could take it and dish it out but couldn't win.

It is not yet clear that the hate-Roosevelt campaign—distressing as it is as a social phenomenon—will have important political results. However, Dr. Gallup's and other polls show the Roosevelt advantage in the states of the Northeast, with their heavy electoral votes, to be very narrow. The middle-class uprising may swing one or two of them away from Mr. Roosevelt; Pennsylvania and Indiana are perhaps the danger spots. It also may help to defeat Democratic Congressmen; it is altogether probable that the present dubious Democratic majority in the House will be further reduced.

Behind the smooth façade of the National Defense Advisory Commission, great changes are apparently in progress. Until a short time ago, the NDAC officials were engaged in a twenty-four-hour-a-day effort to push army and navy contracts out to manufacturers—to push them out on the best terms possible, but to push them out anyway. Now they have had a chance to survey their handiwork, and reportedly are extremely dissatisfied with it. Specifically, they are said to be dissatisfied with the existing airplane-manufacturing program; they regard it as too small and too slow.

A start is being made toward recasting the airplane schedules. The incentive seems to have come from two independent sources. In England, Mr. Herbert Morrison has been collaborating with engineers and union representatives to reorganize his country's airplane industry. Since England's hope of taking the offensive in the air against Germany depends even more on American production than on English, the British Purchasing Commission in New York was recently asked to see what it could do toward persuading American manufacturers to adopt the new English advances. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau is understood to have supported the British proposals enthusiastically.

Meantime, within the NDAC, officials familiar with mass industry had been studying tentative plans to bring airplane manufacturing nearer to mass-production standards. Officials now believe that, without any increase in plant beyond that envisaged by the current program, production can be stepped up by perhaps 30 percent. Instead of 36,000 planes by the fall of 1942, as government contracts now provide, it is hoped that they can be completed by the end of 1941. This is the first time that there has been substantial hope that British and American production, combined, could smother Germany's output. Potentially that has always been possible.

T. R. B.

Washington

Other People's Money

One-Man Fight

MR. THURMAN ARNOLD has written a book which he aptly calls "Bottlenecks of Business." Every New Dealer, from the President down, should be compelled to read it.

Mr. John Chamberlain, one of the more rational apologists for the New Deal, thinks that, whatever justice is to be found in my criticism of the early New Deal, I have overlooked the excellent work it has done recently in the enforcement of the anti-trust laws. I think I may say that I have not overlooked this. I have followed the New Deal on that front with ceaseless vigilance. And I have watched with prayerful attention and ungrudging praise Mr. Thurman Arnold's persistent drive during the last two years to enforce the anti-trust laws.

I have watched it closely enough not to make the mistake of supposing that Thurman Arnold's activities are to be considered as a department of New Deal activity. Arnold and his anti-trust suits, particularly when they strike die-hard Republicans, are merely tolerated by the New Deal. The leaders of that movement remain today, as in 1933, devoted to those reactionary notions about monopoly and trade combinations to control prices and production which were the very soul of the New Deal under the NRA, the AAA and such related schemes, when it actually dumped the anti-trust laws into the scrap basket by an outright statutory suspension of them. Men far closer to the throne than Mr. Arnold still dally with such ideas as Leon Henderson and Jerome Frank had toyed with about basic monopolies. The President himself still has a fancy for that weird contraption, the NRA, which was the central ring in the gaudiest and most glamorous episode of the Roosevelt Revolution. And there is plenty of evidence now that most of the old NRA gang—particularly the gang that flourished in the days of Donald Richberg and S. Clay Williams—are moving in on Washington under the banner of national defense.

For many years since the last war both liberals and conservatives were being effectively infected with the doctrine that the anti-trust laws belonged to the horse-and-buggy age. It was the mark of a superior social intelligence to sneer at the well meant but foggy efforts of the old trust-busters to save the little man. The Chamber of Commerce nursed the cult of business self-rule and glorified bigness as the symbol of American industrial genius. The radical tolerated this new attitude because of his allergy for the "little fellow" who, after all, was the hated petty bourgeoisie, and for the even better reason that he saw in the formation of these giant industrial organizations the prelude to the dawn of the socialized state which would take them all over, ready-made for the new day. Labor leaders, led by those of the stripe of Matthew Woll, urged repeal of the anti-trust laws because they preferred to deal with a few big employers rather than an army of less intelligent small ones, and because they adopted the principle that higher prices were the indispensable condition of higher

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wages. Advocates of anti-trust laws became smeared with that most damning of labels—"old-fashioned."

All through the administrations of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover numerous anti-trust suits were filed, but there was no real attempt to put an end to the whole policy of combinations and agreements between competitors for controlling production and prices under the pretense of regulating fair-trade practices. On the contrary, the whole system of encouraging competitors to operate under codes of practice was fostered then—at least until Hoover was inaugurated.

The public as a rule hated combinations because they saw what seemed abuses against little men, human injustices. And they were afraid of power. My own objection to the whole policy of concentration, combination and monopoly and trade restraints was that it made the economic system unworkable. It developed the most complete barrier to new private investment that any dreamer of the capitalist catastrophe could hope for. And as private investment was and is the dynamic economic element of the system of private property in a money economy, anything that tended to check investment and even end it was economically indefensible in such a system. And as the New Deal was obviously and frankly a movement to repair the capitalist system and make it work, one of its most important responsibilities was to set in motion the dynamic forces in that system. The most important step toward stimulating investment was the complete, drastic enforcement of the anti-trust laws.

Mr. Arnold illustrates this effectively. The Pullman Company had a monopoly of supplying sleeping cars to railroads. The Budd Company has developed better cars. But Pullman could keep Budd cars off railroad tracks by refusing to supply its own cars to uncompliant railroads. The continuance of old Pullman equipment made it unnecessary to manufacture new cars until the old ones wore out. It prevented Budd from hiring more labor to make more cars. It relieved Pullman of the necessity of hiring more men to make new cars. It was unnecessary for Pullman and impossible for Budd to pour savings into new machines and plants to make new cars. The labor that was not hired could not use the wages they did not get to buy food and clothes. The government had to go into debt to do this for them, further depressing small enterprises through increased taxes. Illustrations could be multiplied.

When the New Deal came into power I looked forward to a real enforcement of the anti-trust laws for this important economic reason. I have never gotten over my astonishment when, instead of enforcing them, the President demanded their suspension by law and got it.

Throughout the New Deal era many fine, socially minded men have been a part of it, fighting for various welfare laws. I am for those laws. But, however necessary they are, they are not measures to correct maladjustments in this economic system. They do not and cannot make it function. And the great default of the New Deal is that it has given almost no thought whatever to the problem of making the whole economic system function. Almost everything it did had the effect of stalling its functions. Today Thurman Arnold fights to enforce the anti-trust laws. But it is a one-man fight carried on with insufficient funds and with peril of tenure.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Records: Take Your Choice

IT IS A GOOD and natural thing that no two conductors play the same piece of music exactly alike—the musical world would be a pretty stifling place if they did. And it doesn't hold that if two performances differ radically, one has to be better than the other. But sometimes one of them is, and you may find it so in choosing between two new and entirely different recorded versions of the Second Symphony of Brahms—a sentimental reading by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor M-694, 12 sides; $6.50), and a matter-of-fact bit of understatement marking the debut of Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic on Columbia records (M-412, 10 sides; $5.50).

In a very general way Barbirolli's approach seems to be the better of the two, but this is a lead quickly whittled down by other considerations very apparent in the first eight bars. In Ormandy's hands the opening melodic line glides like deep water over polished rocks from low strings into a spreading flare of horns and then on into the woodwinds, in one deft sweep. In Barbirolli's it seems broken into three fragments in which the graceful swing of the phrase is lost. And so it goes. Ormandy moves on slowly with an eye for romance; the profusion of his color becomes a little too great, and his emphasis on minor detail a little too precious; but smooth it is and beautifully recorded. Barbirolli's version moves much more swiftly, which is just as well, but in a rigid wooden style and with hardly a nod for the broad singing qualities without which Brahms is left clothed in little more than his beard. But it is only fair to point out that all the faults are not Barbirolli's, whatever you may say about the decline in Philharmonic standards since he took over. In recording the work, Columbia's technicians seem to have cut down the string tone to quartet proportions and thinned out the foundation bass voices, leaving the woodwinds shrill and exposed.

Similar recording faults have tossed a wet blanket on another Columbia debut—that of Stokowsky and his all-American Youths in a performance of the well battered New World Symphony of Dvorak (M-416, 11 sides; $6). Some new ideas of Stokowsky himself seem to have prompted the recording of this particular work, but here again approach is one thing and result another. The Youths play briskly and with enthusiasm, and I guess you'll have to hand it to them. But they are driven hard, they are not always in tune, there are split tones in the brass, and the whole thing is a trifle nervous—the whole thing, that is, except the slow movement, which they play quite beautifully, and hearing it you will marvel at the way Stokowsky has succeeded in imposing that silky Philadelphia tone on a violin section drilled for only a few months. This recording still needed a few more months of it, though.

While we're on the new versions of old stand-bys, Nathan Milstein has recently made a fine recording of the Tschaikovsky Violin Concerto with the Chicago Symphony (Columbia M-413, 8 sides; $4.50). Milstein has been around long enough for people to get used to his name and to the idea that it doesn't quite rank with Szigeti and Heifetz, but here is a vibrant and sure-fingered performance that any violinist could be proud of. And the recording is all right.

STANLEY FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

WESTERN HEMISPHERE SEEN AS HUGE HOAX.—*Headline in The Inter-American Inquirer.*

Mayor Hague accused the Republicans of trying to "force" voting machines on Hudson County because "thousands of our people, unable to master the machines, would stay away." – *From The New York Times.*

Unaware that it was a state holiday [Columbus Day], Willkie waved eloquent arms at smokeless factory smokestacks as evidence of the blighting effect of the New Deal on industry.—*From The Chicago Sunday Times.*

I said earlier that I would get to Director Mike Curtiz, and I keep my word. Curtiz is not one to let his public down. He has just finished shooting "Santa Fe Trail" with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland and Raymond Massey. The last day of shooting, Curtiz had a fight with the front office because they insisted that he fake the hanging of Massey.—*From Sidney Skolsky's Hollywood column in The New York Post.*

A Spokesman for Somebody's Wheel

As regards the United States, a [German] spokesman said: "So long as the United States pursues the Monroe Doctrine as practised by Washington and Lincoln, it will not have anything to fear from Germany." – *From The New York World-Telegram.*

We Want a Policeman!

Take, for instance, the bathroom. . . . Whatever kind of bathroom you have, I'll bet it isn't very original. My favorite idea for this problem is to put lush decalcomania roses on the seat—decorative and *such* a surprise to the unsuspecting. Just try it out and see!—*From an article by Hope Hendler in The American Home.*

And Burn a Few Books, Why Not

Bonfires and Torch Light Parades once were features of American presidential campaigns.

This fall the Willkie forces have staged Bonfires and Torch Light Parades in different parts of the country.

The idea is catching. It expresses many of the things for which Wendell Willkie stands—free enterprise, individualism and initiative, coupled with purposeful teamwork and joyful action. Sincerely yours, JANET MATTER, Wellesley, 1939.—*From a printed campaign postcard.*

Have Your Cake and Beat It Up Too

One reason why we believe in private initiative is because it is faster and more efficient. As President, I will see to it . . . that prospective contractors for the government are compelled to toe the line. . . . As President I will be absolutely relentless regarding those firms which are said to be jockeying around for bids. – *From Mr. Willkie's criticism of present government laxity, as reported by The New York World-Telegram's staff correspondent on the campaign train.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Labor's Vote, Lewis or Not

SIR: Although the AFL and CIO executive councils have taken no stand on the presidential election, most union members and constituent unions are in favor of the reëlection of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Here in Cleveland representatives of almost all the AFL-CIO and railway unions have formed the Joint Labor Committee for the reëlection of Franklin D. Roosevelt. We have no connection with the local or state political organization and are endorsing no candidates other than Roosevelt.

All three daily newspapers in Cleveland—The Press, Plain Dealer and The News—are pro-Willkie; but newspapermen from all three, from the wire services and from small local weeklies have contributed their services to this campaign as the publicity committee. The Cleveland Newspaper Guild—start of the American Newspaper Guild—has endorsed the drive.

We confidently expect Cleveland to go Roosevelt by a large margin, whether or not he carries people like ex-Governor Davey in with him.

Cleveland, O. GRANT GRAHAM, Publicity Director

What Is Propaganda?

SIR: Max Lerner's review of "War Propaganda and the United States" by Lavine and Wechsler in your August 26 issue seems to me a just and adequate appraisal save in one respect: that is Mr. Lerner's quarrel with the Institute for Propaganda Analysis over the definition of the term "propaganda."

Mr. Lerner, like many, appears to believe that propaganda is always something sneaking and deceptive, if not sinister. The Institute holds otherwise.

If Mr. Lerner's definition is accepted generally, it then becomes more easily possible for a person who is stacking the cards to put something over to assure his audience that he is not a propagandist, but rather an educator spreading truth and enlightenment. Neither the dictionary definition of the term "propaganda" nor the activities of innumerable propagandists make Mr. Lerner's definition valid. He says:

I have no particular animus against this conception of propaganda, other than its uselessness. If we interpret all efforts to shape our foreign policy as propaganda, how shall we distinguish between a presidential message, an editorial in The New Republic, a Coughlin broadcast, a classroom discussion, a speech by Joe McWilliams, a congressional debate, a column by Westbrook Pegler, a communique from the German army staff? . . .

Precisely because all of these and uncounted other expressions of opinion, fact, alleged fact, and actions intended to influence human beings are propaganda, the Institute for Propaganda Analysis was organized to devise methods for recognizing and analyzing propaganda.

Mr. Lerner seems to say that if a man is sincere, he is not a propagandist however much he urges his case; whereas if a man is insincere, he is a propagandist. Indubitably many of the Nazis, for example, are sincere, however much they may be deluded. By Mr. Lerner's definition, therefore, such Nazis because they are sincere, though deluded, are not propagandists. Anyone who has studied the rise of the Nazi movement knows

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"Such books as Mr. Mumford's are as important as the political and military measures which are now being taken to constitute the remnant of the democratic world into a final bastion of civilization."—*Reinhold Niebuhr, The Nation.*

"In my judgment, Mumford's *Faith for Living* has classic quality. It is written to meet a situation, but so was *The Federalist* and many other permanent contributions to the literature of thought. One wants to read almost every sentence two or three times, not because it is clumsy or cloudy in the slightest degree, but because it so perfectly expresses a good idea."—*Dixon Ryan Fox.*

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Company's Fall Books

EDMUND WILSON'S
To the Finland Station
A Study in the Writing and Acting of History

TIME MAGAZINE describes the brilliant new book by the author of *Axel's Castle:* "*To the Finland Station* is a study of the slow development of socialist ideas. His purpose is to explore the origins of socialist thought, to trace its tortuous course up to the time it became a political power. He describes the development in terms of the men who transformed it, interlacing a biography of ideas with the biography of the men who held them."

MALCOLM COWLEY, in the *New Republic,* puts his finger on the quality of excitement one experiences in its reading: "Besides being a critic, Wilson is also a novelist, a dramatist, and a poet. He has the novelist's gift for revealing personality in action, the dramatist's gift for bringing characters into conflict, the poet's gift for finding concrete symbols for abstract ideas . . . In reality, he is something one rarely finds in this country, a generalized man of letters." $4.00

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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that some of its most effective propaganda has been spread by very sincere people. Mr. Lerner writes:

Hitler may well believe his own anti-Semitism as Goebbels may disbelieve his, yet both are propagandists, just as Coughlin is, since they never reveal that anti-Semitism is for them primarily a device for power through spreading confusion and hatred.

As a matter of fact, Hitler has revealed with utmost clarity that his anti-Semitism is primarily a device for power through spreading confusion and hatred. See "Mein Kampf" and his conversations with Herr Rauschning in "The Voice of Destruction" for proof of this.

CLYDE R. MILLER,
Secretary, the Institute for Propaganda Analysis
New York City

SIR: I am grateful for Clyde Miller's letter, but surely he is too generous: if my definition of propaganda is wrong, my appraisal of the book could not possibly be "just and adequate." Our differences are, I fear, fundamental rather than verbal. Mr. Miller has misunderstood me when he says that I "seem to say" that my conception of propaganda turns on the question of sincerity. Actually I said no such thing, and the very passage about Hitler and Goebbels which he quotes from me in his letter shows that I said the exact opposite—that the question of sincerity and belief has nothing to do with the matter. I spoke explicitly of "the irrelevance of validity and sincerity." The distinguishing mark of propaganda is, I have said, the intent to manipulate the minds and beliefs of others, rather than merely to persuade. But since intent, as a subjective matter, is hard to get at, I added that one can infer it from the objective existence of some crucial concealment, some relevant distortion. Mr. Miller cites against me the practice of propagandists throughout history and the dictionary definition. As for the first, it begs the question: how can we know who were the propagandists in history until we have a clear notion of what propaganda is? As for the second, I have not consulted the dictionary and I don't care. The dictionary-maker follows rather than instructs the social thinker: and if he finds confusion in social thought, he mirrors that confusion.

I have no intent to do injury to any group with whose social outlook I am in as great agreement as with the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. But when the work of such a group is founded on a basically false conception of propaganda, it has already impaired its own value; and the book under review seemed to me to illustrate the results of that false conception. Mr. Miller says that "opinions, fact, alleged fact, and actions intended to influence human beings" are all "propaganda." This, I repeat, embraces the whole area of human expression. To call it all propaganda makes the job of "recognizing" it nonsense, and the job of "analyzing" it hopelessly difficult and, what is worse, misleading.

New York City MAX LERNER

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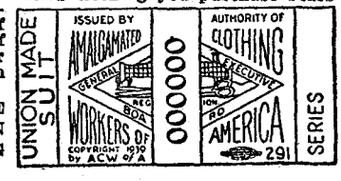

"Gospodin Petrov Has Four Hats"

SIR: Congratulations on Ralph Marlowe's piece. It's the liveliest thing, as well as your first sensible thing on Russia, at least in years.

New York City HERBERT SOLOW

Roosevelt and the Gold Standard

SIR: To say the least, you leaned over backwards in trying to be fair to Mr. Willkie in page 432 of your September 30 number, in which you state that scuttling the London Economic Conference was probably unwise. In my humble opinion this was one of the most courageous things that President Roosevelt had done, for had he permitted his representatives to be taken in by the French bankers and committed this country to go back on the gold standard, he would undoubtedly have thrown us back into the great deflation.

Sir Charles Morgan-Webb in the best book that we have seen on this subject, "The Money Revolution," states on page 243, "President Roosevelt's message to the World Economic Conference, July 3, 1933, was supposed to enunciate such advanced and revolutionary monetary doctrines that it caused the conference to break up in confusion, and yet he had merely repeated the policy which had been adopted eleven months before at Ottawa as the official British currency system."

Hindsight should show any unprejudiced thinker that had Mr. Hoover had the courage to follow England off the gold standard in September, 1931, he might have stopped our deflation at that point and been reëlected in 1932. Undoubtedly he was badly advised by the men whom Father Coughlin, and not too erroneously, describes as "international bankers."

Your supplement, "This Man Willkie," performs a real service for the American people. As a stockholder of Commonwealth and Southern who "graduated" from one of the operating companies, I have been personally pretty well fed up with Mr. Willkie for some years, but your information was even worse than what I had known before. Keep up the good work!

F. R. VON WINDBEGGER,
St. Louis, Mo. President, Plaza Bank of St. Louis

Good Reading All Around Here

SIR: After reading Otis Ferguson's write-up of "The Ramparts We Watch," I will stop reading The New Republic and read Time Magazine instead.

Milwaukee, Wis. W. J. BLIFFERT

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John X. Hart of New York City tells us of a little passage he had with the Willkie outfit. In answer to his wire challenging Mr. Willkie to explain away our supplement if he wanted a vote, Mr. Hart received a telegram signed Fred Rahter, Secretary: "JUST READ ARTICLE REFERRED TO. REASON AND LOGIC ALONE SHOULD DICTATE TO YOU IMPOSSIBILITY OF MR. WILLKIE COMMANDING THE WIDESPREAD RESPECT AND AFFECTION THAT HE DOES IF THERE COULD BE THE SLIGHTEST TRUTH IN THAT LIBELLOUS SLIME." As to the libel, Mr. Rahter hasn't yet filed anything but the telegram.

A. W. Jamisen, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, is one of the more amiable enemies our promotion department has smoked out. He says our Willkie supplement had "nothing scientific about it, though I do not imply there are any misstatements in it." He says mistakenly our statement about Alabama Power's buying for 2 cents a kilowatt hour and selling for 6.8 leaves the cost of distribution out. Distribution, he thinks, is a bigger thing than we know and he promises to read our Voter's Handbook and not like that either.

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Fall Book Number

Return of Ernest Hemingway

For Whom the Bell Tolls, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 471 pages. $2.75.

THIS NEW NOVEL of Hemingway will come as a relief to those who didn't like "Green Hills of Africa," "To Have and Have Not," and "The Fifth Column." The big game hunter, the waterside superman, the Hotel Florida Stalinist, with their constrained and fevered attitudes, have evaporated like the fantasies of alcohol. Hemingway the artist is with us again; and it is like having an old friend back.

This book is also a new departure. It is Hemingway's first attempt to compose a full-length novel, with real characters and a built-up story. On the eve of a Loyalist attack in the Spanish civil war, a young American who has enlisted on the Loyalist side goes out into country held by the Fascists, under orders to blow up a bridge. He directs with considerable difficulty a band of peasant guerillas, spends three nights in a cave in their company, blows up the bridge on schedule, and is finally shot by the Fascists. The method is the reverse of the ordinary method in novels of contemporary history, Franz Hoellering's or André Malraux's which undertake a general survey of a revolutionary crisis, shuttling back and forth among various groups of characters. There is a little of this shuttling in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," but it is all directly related to the main action: the blowing-up of the bridge. Through this episode the writer has aimed to reflect the whole course of the Spanish War, to show the tangle of elements that were engaged in it, and to exhibit the events in a larger perspective than that of the emergency of the moment.

In this he has been successful to a degree which will be surprising even to those who have believed in him most. There is in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" an imagination for social and political phenomena such as he has hardly given evidence of before. The vision of this kind of insight is not so highly developed as it is with a writer like Malraux, but it is here combined with other things that these political novels often lack. What Hemingway presents us with in this study of the Spanish war is not so much a social analysis as a criticism of moral qualities. The *kind* of people people are rather than their social-economic relations is what Hemingway is particularly aware of.

Thus there is here a conception of the Spanish character, very firm and based on close observation, underlying the various social types; and in approaching the role of the Communists in Spain, Hemingway's judgments are not made to fit into the categories of a political line—since he has dropped off the Stalinist melodrama of the days of 1937, a way of thinking certainly alien to his artistic nature—but seem to represent definite personal impressions. The whole picture of the Russ[illegible] diately denouncing a former favorite at a time when they are already working overtime with so many other denunciations on their hands—looks absolutely authentic. You have the contrast between the exaltation of the converts and recruits of the headquarters of the International Brigade, and the luxury, the insolence and the cynicism of the headquarters of the emissaries of the Kremlin. You have the revolutionary stuffed shirt, André Marty, hero of the 1918 mutiny of the French fleet in the Black Sea, who has been magnified and corrupted in Moscow till he is no longer anything but a mischievous bureaucrat, obsessed with the idea of shooting heretics; and you have the Moscow insider Karkov, cold of head and serious of purpose while he repeats for the sake of conformity the venomous gibberings of Pravda.

You have in the center of the stage the sincere fellow traveler from the States, teacher of Spanish in a Western college; and you have, traced with realism and delicacy, the whole chronicle of his reactions to the Communists, of his relations with the Spaniards he has to work with, and of the operation upon him in Spain of the American influences he brings with him. In the end, realizing fully the military futility of his mission and balked in his effort to save the situation, by the confusion of forces at cross-purposes that are throttling the Loyalist campaign, he is to stick by his gun sustained by nothing but the memory of his grandfather's record as a soldier in the American Civil War. In view of the dramatic declamations on the note of "Look here, upon this picture, and on this!" that the Stalinists were making a year or two ago over the contrast between Dos Passos' attitude and Hemingway's in connection with the Spanish war, it is striking that the hero of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" should end up by cutting a figure not fundamentally so very much different from that of the hero of "The Adventures of a Young Man."

Thus we get down out of the empyrean of Marxist political analysis, where the leaders are pulling the strings for the masses, and see the ordinary people as they come. And we see the actual layout—mile by mile and hill by hill—of the country in which they have to struggle. One of the mostly highly developed of Hemingway's senses is his geographical and strategical vision—what may be called his sense of terrain. It is no doubt from the Western frontier that he has inherited his vivid perception of every tree, every bush, every path, every contour and every stream that go to make up the lay of the land. He derives and he can communicate an excitement from the mere exploration and mastery of country that goes back to Fenimore Cooper; and he has succeeded in getting it into this new novel as he got it into his early stories. We are shown the Spanish conflict in its essential and primitive aspect of groups of imperfectly equipped and more or less groping human beings maneuvering over the surface of the earth

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of the form of the elaborated novel. The shape of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is sometimes slack and sometimes bulging. It is certainly quite a little too long. You need space to make an epic of three days; but the story seems to slow up toward the end where the reader feels it ought to move faster; and the author has not found out how to mold or to cut the interior soliloquies of his hero. Nor are the excursions outside the consciousness of the hero, whose point of view comprehends most of the book, conducted with consistent attention to the symmetry and point of the whole.

There is, furthermore, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" something missing that we still look for in Hemingway. Where the semi-religious exaltation of communism has failed a writer who had once gained from it a new impetus, a vacuum is created which was not there before and which for the moment has to be filled. In Hemingway's case, there has poured in a certain amount of conventional romance. There is in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" a love story that is headed straight for Hollywood. The hero falls in with an appealing little girl who has been captured and raped by the Fascists, who has never loved before and who wants him to teach her love. She adores him, lives only to serve him, longs for nothing but to learn his desires so that she can do for him what he wants, talks of her identity as completely merged in his. She is as docile as the Indian wives in the early stories of Kipling; and since the dialogue of the characters speaking Spanish is rendered literally with its *thees* and *thous* and all the formalities of a Latin language, the scenes between Robert and Maria have a strange atmosphere of literary medievalism reminiscent of the era of Maurice Hewlett. Robert keeps insisting to himself on his good fortune and on the unusualness of his experience in acquiring a girl like Maria; and, for all the reviewer knows, there may be a few such cases in Spain. But the whole thing has the too-perfect felicity of a youthful erotic dream. It lacks the true desperate emotion of the love affairs in some of Hemingway's other stories. And in general, though the situation is breathless and the suspense kept up all through, the book lacks the tensity, the moral malaise, that made the early work of Hemingway troubling.

But then this early work was, as it were, lyric; and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is an effort toward something else, which requires a steady hand. The hero of this new novel is no romantic Hemingway cartoon: his attitude toward his duty and the danger it involves are studied with more coolness and sobriety than in the case of perhaps any other of the author's leading juveniles. The young man is a credible young man who is shown in his relation to other people, and these other people are for the most part given credible identities, too. The author has began to externalize the elements of a complex personality in human figures that have a more complete existence than those of his previous stories.

That he should thus go back to his art, after a period of artistic demoralization, and give it a larger scope, that, in an era of general perplexity and panic, he should dramatize the events of the immediate past in terms, not of partisan journalism, but of the common human instincts

A Louisiana Painter

Artists Say the Silliest Things, by Guy Pène Du Bois. New York: American Artists' Group. 318 pages. $3.75.

OUR INTEREST is simply vast
in other people's private past,
and what all human bliss transcends
is finding out about our friends.
The memoirs of Guy Pène du Bois:
That should be something! Oo, la la!
With throbbing heart and goggle eyes,
all ready for the big surprise,
the awful shock, the frightful fun,
we flung ourselves upon Book One.

His youth was rather drab and flat.
—Somehow, we never thought of that
as the surprise we were to get,
but so in sooth it was;—and yet
he's in his bedroom slippers there,
reclining in an easy chair,
recalling items past and done
nostalgically, in Book One.
We like to listen to him tell
of little things remembered well,
—about his clever father's pose,
of how he smashed a maiden's nose,
about his cousins and his aunts,
their little imitation France;
we take a pleasure quite acute
in knowing of his velvet suit,
and any trifles, gay or not,
of "Giles" when he was but a tot.
Nice little boy and nicely told.
But now, thank God, he's growing old—
we look with relish to the time
when we shall learn about his Prime.
So far, so good; but come Book Two—
well, we *expected* something new.
You'd hardly recognize the man,
he's built on such a different plan.
We'd never know him for the same;
he even has another name.
And when we have discovered him,
the situation's pretty grim;
he's hunched beneath the cellar stair
with cobwebs in his eyes and hair
and by his side a little keg
from which he draws peg after peg
of some insidious home-brew
that's philosophical in hue.
Relaxed in groggy solitude,
he runs through every sort of mood,
till from a state of mild despair
he soon begins to tear his hair;
he spars with silence, takes a crack
at Echo when she answers back,
repudiates the wretched world—
we hear loud curses hurled

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against the artists everywhere,
the town, the country, and the air,
America, the public, press,
except some cronies, more or less.
And now he's getting out of hand
and very hard to understand;
odd notions eddy for awhile
upon the surface of a style
grown turgid from a swirling brain.
He's really anything but plain
and seems to mumble more and more
and is becoming quite a bore.

It makes us sad to leave him sunk
and crumpled on a heap of junk;
but in our mind the title rings:
yes, artists say the silliest things.

PEGGY BACON

The Cross of Gold

The Real Danger in Our Gold, by Harry Scherman. New York: Simon and Schuster. 82 pages. $1.

IN THE FIRST HALF of this 82-page pamphlet (printed in the same big format as "The American White Paper") Mr. Scherman discusses, in an interesting and popular vein, the theory of money and credit. He is an orthodox economist. There is no convincing answer to the argument that we ought to return to the principles and practices of orthodox economics—that is, if we first returned to the conditions that prevailed before 1914.

Mr. Scherman is on less firm ground, however, in his endeavor to justify unilateral action by this country in returning to a basis of free gold-convertibility. He becomes dogmatic and establishes his own premises; he ignores collateral issues. He becomes a Single Issue man, not unlike Henry George with his more defensible obsession. In his oversimplification, Mr. Scherman makes a number of debatable assertions, without supporting proof. For example: "The rise of totalitarianism in modern governments during the past dozen years is nothing but a reflection in the political sphere of the attempts of governments to control the economic consequences of their own financial jugglery." Note the reduction to a single cause-and-effect proposition of a confused world situation. A complex of forces brought about the rise of totalitarianism. "Financial jugglery" was incidental in Russia; it was more directly responsible in Germany, once a western European state.

Mr. Scherman has frightened us with his subtitle: "How the Job You Have, the Business You Are In—and Your Whole Future—Are Imperiled by the Government's Gold at Fort Knox." On page 55, he belatedly maps his road to safety. "Gold hoarding," he says, "is the automatic governor," and a return to the full convertibility into gold of our paper money is the remedy that will cure all our economic ills. This, be it noted, would be a return by the United States alone to only one of the conditions of a laissez-faire economy in a world of currency controls, embargoes, merchandise quotas, state-dominated cartels, empire preferences and what not!

Unless we accept his remedy, unless we make the government stop interfering "with the free measurement of values," we are fated to lose "all forms of liberty . . . in the end even religion and thought." We cannot escape —the author insists—these dire consequences that must ensue from governmental action to wipe out internal debt. Mr. Scherman forgets the fact that France took such action not only once but several times after 1919, yet kept her liberties until she was invaded. That Germany lost hers in 1933 is evidence that devaluation can produce different social and political consequences, given different backgrounds.

Mr. Scherman raises other points to support his thesis, and in so doing sometimes neglects to give the whole picture. For example, he minimizes the fear that returning to free convertibility might result in excessive withdrawals —gold-hoarding in its worst sense. He is certain that the very freedom to withdraw would inspire such confidence that gold would remain in the banks and paper in the hands of the public. He does not envisage any large-scale withdrawals, despite the fact that balances today with brokers and in checking accounts draw no interest, and prime short-term notes practically no interest. The fact, too, that foreigners have sent their gold to this country for safekeeping is no guaranty that their American agents would not withdraw such funds from public control to be cached here under private control.

Mr. Scherman, on page 58, is obviously writing with his tongue in his cheek. He says: "In every democracy in the world except ours—in Great Britain, France . . . the possession of gold by citizens was free, even when these countries had 'gone off the gold standard'—that is, even when the governments were temporarily not fulfilling their promises to pay out gold for their paper money." No informed reader will fail to catch this half-truth. England and France resorted to subterfuge instead of calling in all gold in the straightforward American manner. As Mr. Scherman admits, the banks did not pay out gold in exchange for paper; where then was the public to get it? Gold was rationed for commercial use. The governments competed with and outbid private capital for gold in the market. And—as the author must know, but does not state —in England the government paid bonuses to induce private holders to turn in their gold, thus favoring the wealthy at the taxpayers' expense; and in France, possession only of bullion (big unwieldy gold bars) was legally permissible. What thrifty French peasant could keep bars of metal in his stocking, even if he could conceivably raise enough capital at one time to buy the bullion? Purposely, this law destroyed the element of secrecy, so important in the traditional hoarding by the French of gold louis. Even so, it failed to prevent the flight of gold from France—a device used by French capitalists as a political weapon.

Mr. Scherman fails to stress the importance of tariff barriers. The years of full gold convertibility were largely years in which the free-trade policy of Great Britain, as the first nation to benefit from the Industrial Revolution, dominated the international scene. How can any laissez-faire economist advocate a unilateral return to the free convertibility of paper for gold, without crusading simultaneously for at least an approach to the former freedom of international trade?

HERBERT A. CONE

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Wooden Yankee

Calvin Coolidge: The Man from Vermont, by Claude M. Fuess. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 522 pages. $4.75.

BEHIND THE COOLIDGE LEGEND—strong and silent, remember?—behind the mass of personal and political apocrypha ground out by the newspapermen and a private publicity chief, there *is* a real man, of a sort, terrifyingly small for the place he came to, but ambitious and country-shrewd, willing to reconcile a personal Puritan morality with the political immorality that nourished him and that he complacently defended. There *is* a Calvin Coolidge who bears some recognizable relationship to other men in his wants and motives and loyalties and prejudices, and you expect a biography to give you that part of him. But Dr. Fuess, although he has spent six years in research and although he destroys the caricatures created by feature writers and common gossip, still works out a caricature of his own: Coolidge the fine, dignified, thoughtful statesman, forever concerned with the welfare of "the people," contemptuous of dirty politics and astonishingly free of their smudges, a great moral force in a world gone mad, a New England Moses. And this figure is more false than the others—which were exaggerations rather than myths—because Fuess is forced to build it (since the facts and his subject do not provide him with more persuasive material) with political clichés from Coolidge's evasive speeches, the unsupported statements of the Republican gang and the workaday editorial clatter of a biased party press.

But Coolidge's record doesn't lend itself easily to glorification. Even a protective biographer isn't able to conceal its implications entirely, and a shrewd reader can catch the real figure under the whitewash. Calvin Coolidge started as a ward-heeler and political errand-boy in Northampton, Massachusetts, and came on up the Republican "escalator" in a machine-bound set-up that might have excited the envy of the Ohio Gang. He was made of the right stuff, too. Upon being graduated from Amherst at twenty-three he could say, "I'm only sure of one thing—that I'm a Republican." And that summed him up at every point in his career. He was "safe and sound," which meant that he saw eye to eye with the political leaders or could adjust his focus to suit their needs. So long as a man was "safe," he was in, and Coolidge's horror of the Brandeis anti-monopoly fight in Massachusetts was perfectly expressed when he exclaimed, "Brandeis is unsafe!" For all his social awkwardness he was resourceful enough as a politician. Quiet Cal, yes, but he didn't mind making a house-to-house-canvass for votes. And as a fledgling representative in the Massachusetts legislature he unerringly tied up with United States Senator Crane, Bill Butler (himself a textile manufacturer) and the rest of the clique that ran the state for the industrial and financial oligarchy. What was more, he learned in the beginning to know his place and never afterwards got out of line. As Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, long after he had served his apprenticeship, he found his duty "perfectly clear—to back up the administration to the limit, whether I like it or do not like it. If this position should ever be so bad that I positively cannot do this, then my duty is equally clear—to keep my mouth shut." (Dr. Fuess finds that this indicates "a fine sense of propriety.")

That was Coolidge in his middle forties and he never changed, although his titles did: Governor, Vice President, President. The natural stand-patter in him had hardened. The Massachusetts machine, partly financed by Morgan partners and Frank Stearns (a Boston merchant who footed Coolidge's publicity bill for years, "strictly as a business matter"), got him the vice-presidency. Here Fuess admits that Coolidge "was on the inside" of Cabinet matters (he sat in on all the sessions) and knew of the incipient Harding scandals. But he "kept his own counsel and went on making speeches," like a sound cog in the machine. At Harding's death he made no changes in the Cabinet, keeping men he knew to be common felons until the storm of public opinion forced him to take partial action.

Dr. Fuess makes the defense that Coolidge's personal honesty frees him from the charge of subservience to Mellon and the financial and corporate world generally. I think it was Lincoln Steffens who pointed out, in this connection, that Coolidge served these interests without pay, thus answering the charge that the government was a kept woman by marrying Washington to Wall Street. As servant of the manufacturers and bankers, Coolidge resisted all farm-relief legislation (character, not money, he said, was the farmer's reward). At one point Dr. Fuess admits that a letter from Mellon killed the McNary-Haugen farm bill; on the next page he commends Coolidge as a "brave and honest thinker" for vetoing the measure. He ignores the two Mellon investigations and Coolidge's part in suppressing them. (Attorney General Stone, who backed the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the aluminum monopoly, was "kicked" into the Supreme Court.) He does admit, however, that when this country arranged a large loan for the German government, as part of the Dawes Plan, Coolidge arranged personally to place $110,000,000 of that loan with J. P. Morgan and Company. Then in 1935 (and this Mr. Fuess has somehow overlooked) Coolidge's name turned up on Morgan's list of favored insiders; he had been assigned 3,000 shares of Standard Brands, Inc. Still Fuess "does not find" that Coolidge was influenced by the corporate world.

The little politician in the White House slept eleven hours a day and took more and longer vacations than any President has ever taken. Walter Lippmann said accurately, "Inactivity is a political philosophy and a party program with Mr. Coolidge." The great men of industry and finance streamed through the White House, lunched with their good fairy and smilingly went about the business of sustaining the Boom. Each time confidence in the paper billions began to falter, Coolidge obediently stepped forward to speak his little piece of reassurance; and the next day the market would hit a new high. Fuess says that no one could have foreseen the crash. But men like Roy Young of the Federal Reserve Bank were always warning Coolidge, and his answer always was that money matters were best left to Mr. Mellon. It was, for him, the perfect answer; the only one he knew. That Mr. Fuess finds nothing wrong with this answer or the Coolidge set of answers generally is clear from the closing sentence of his book: "Perhaps, in a democracy, such men make the most trustworthy leaders."

MAX GISSEN

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James Farrell on James Farrell

Father and Son, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 616 pages. $2.75.

DEAR JIM:

A new book of yours has just appeared, and the reviewers are saying about it all the same things that they always say nowadays whenever a book of yours comes out. I have not read your last two or three novels, but I see that this latest one is another instalment in the series that deals with the early life of Danny O'Neill, and that it continues the chronicle of Irish families on the south side of Chicago which began with the three books about Studs Lonigan. I don't often agree with the routine reviewers, but from my memory of Studs Lonigan I should imagine that I might feel as they do if I read this latest book of yours. At the end of two volumes of Studs Lonigan I was much impressed by the reality of your picture. I felt exactly as if I had spent a childhood in the section of Chicago you describe. But before I had finished the third volume, I felt that I wanted to grow up and move away. Yet you don't want your readers to move away and you don't want your heroes to come to manhood. You go on writing book after book about Irish boys growing up in Chicago, and I gather that the novels about Danny O'Neill are just as diffuse as the ones about Studs Lonigan. Now, instead of reviewing your book or getting somebody else to review it, I should like to ask you to state yourself why you expect people to go on reading your books. Everybody is interested to read a certain amount of this; everybody admires your honesty and courage; nobody will deny the importance of your work in the fiction of your generation. But this importance is not increased by your continuing to tell the same story. And about each successive novel there seem to be only the same remarks to make. So I have decided to put it up to you. Why do you keep on with this interminable record? How can you hope that your readers will give to it the amount of time it demands? Yours as ever, E. W.

I divide my critics into two groups: those who offer valid reasons for any unfavorable judgments they may make of my work, and those who do not. From the first group I can learn something. I welcome the opportunity to answer the second group. By now, I believe that they must fully realize that I pay no attention to them when I write. I have more than sufficient reason for my attitude. For instance, there are a few critics (principally effete members of English Departments) who attack me in order to belabor the entire tradition of realism and naturalism in which I write. And then, there are the spokesmen of pressure groups, religious and political, who will use all and any means to damage my reputation because of my irreconcilable opposition to them. Concerning one such group, H. L. Mencken has observed: "Farrell refused to go along with Stalin's boys, and as a critic he took a fall out of new authors they were bringing up. So they ganged him." A well known critic for a "sophisticated" weekly has been consistently unsympathetic to my work from the very beginning. He was the first editor in a publishing house to read "Young Lonigan." He rejected it rather summarily. Ever since, he has

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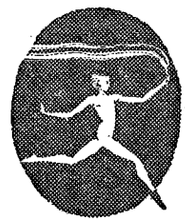

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either patronized my books, or else he has been antipathetic to them. To him, my characters are low. They seem to bore him. I think that he has his reasons for his attitude toward my work, just as I have mine for disdaining his judgments. Had I taken his advice, I would not be writing this letter to you in defense of my works; for then I should never have written them. Another critic continually claims that my books are social documents rather than works of art; he further charges me with repetition. Inasmuch as he has never provided a definition of "a work of art," his first criticism is groundless and purely formalistic. This critic has reversed himself more than once concerning my books. After an adverse judgment of "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," he recommended it as a stirring gangster novel. His recommendation proved either that he had not read the book, or that he does not know how to read a book, or both. When he charged me with repetition in "A World I Never Made," and "No Star Is Lost," he obviously meant repetition of elements from "Studs Lonigan." But how could he know whether or not I was repeating myself when he so grossly misrepresented "Studs Lonigan"?

In my fiction, I seek to recreate a precise, detailed and objective picture of certain features of the so-called American Way of Life. I seek to answer the question: what happens to people? I hold a functional conception of character, viewing it as a social product embodying the reciprocal play of local influences on the individual, and of the individual on society. I am concerned with the concrete processes whereby society, through the instrumentality of social institutions, forms and molds characters, giving to the individual the very content of his consciousness. What you call diffusion, I call an organizing principle applied in the construction of my novels. In so far as my books deal with boys growing up, the exploration of the psychology of boyhood affords me a better opportunity to reveal these processes concretely than does the depiction of adults. However, my books do not deal merely with boys growing up. They deal with one of the largest social groupings in America, and with both children and adults in that group. Anyone who thinks that my books about the O'Neill and O'Flaherty families are merely about a boy growing up has been patently misinformed, or else he has misread these books. As for Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill, they are distinctly different in temperament, attitudes, desires, accomplishments, and social status and class backgrounds. They can be pronounced alike only by a critic who could confuse Becky Sharp and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Moreover, I think that you have misread "Judgment Day," the final volume of Studs Lonigan. It has nothing to do with childhood. It is a depression novel. Studs has moved away from his childhood, geographically and emotionally. And in that book, America itself has moved away from the period of Studs's childhood.

You ask me: "Why do you go on with this interminable record?" I answer, because I have an unshakable conviction that I have a true and a representative story to tell of how people have lived, suffered and enjoyed, striven and forged ideals, loved and hated, died in my time. Concerning my relationship to the public, I long ago realized that a major problem in the distribution of my books has been to cut under my adverse critics and reach those sections of the reading public which could gain enjoyment as well as increased awareness and understanding from my work. I am gratified to say that this problem is slowly but surely being solved. My books have won friends as well as enemies among the critics; and they have won a steady and increasing audience. Some of the critics have been moving in and out now for a decade, but a firm corps of readers have not followed these peregrinations. I am more than grateful for the friends my books have won; they have encouraged me to face my critics.

When I began writing, I determined not to compromise with passing fads that come and go. I have rigidly tried to adhere to this intention. I have always been prepared to breast every hostile current that my books required and I am still prepared to do this. I make these statements not with any arrogance, but rather out of a full realization that each writer must find his own way in accordance with his temperament and his talents.

JAMES T. FARRELL

Anticamera: Geneva, 1938

The General Secretary's feet whispered over the red carpet
And stopped, a demure pair, beneath the demure
Young cadet, poor but correct,
Devoted menial of well mannered Power.
"A word with you." "Yes, your Excellency."
Excellency smiled. "Your silk shirt is nice, Scriptor.
But listen. Better not let these private letters
Reach the President. He gets worried, you know,
About the personal misfortunes of the people;
And really the Chancellor is due to arrive.
It is surely most unseemly
To keep the State in the waiting-room
For God knows what beggars,
For totally unnecessary people."

Their mutual shirt-fronts gleamed in a white smile.
The electorate at breakfast approved of the war for peace.
The bodyguard idly deflowered a rose.

Pays Conquis

The invader came again and conquered
With the old by-product crimes;
But three years later the harvest flaunted,
The young kept faith with time.
The invader built bridges, roads
Connecting pasture-fields with ports;
Endowed schools where experts learned
To drain the steam rebellion churned.
The mayor, the general forgot
Jean and Jacques unjustly shot.

And when the careless earth brought forth
Well fed children, wheat and coal
More than the laws provided for,
The shadowy experts muffed their role;
Jacques in the widow's bed was hate,
The rifles hid by Jean were bared,
Worth needs pride in free estate;
And refuse papers flew in the square
Outside the scared Pro-consulate.

DENIS DEVLIN

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Sinister Banalities

Collected Poems of Kenneth Fearing. New York: Random House. 149 pages. $2.

KENNETH FEARING has almost succeeded Ogden Nash as the poet-laureate of The New Yorker, and one is apt to forget that he is also a candidate for more serious honors in poetry. His success in journalism is no accident and no disgrace. To be a good New Yorker poet one must command a number of definite skills, such as a sense of timing, an ear for the fine points of the cliché, and an ability to project emotion with a perfectly "dead pan." All these talents Fearing shares with his fellow humorists of The New Yorker. Where he differs from them and approaches a poet like Eliot is in his conviction that the age is horrible—not merely perplexing or vulgar or ludicrous or dull. Its horrors, to be sure, he apprehends mainly through the lushness of its slogans and the foolish self-importance of its routines—that is to say, through the medium of its clichés. And the irony that arises from contemplating the rhetoric of our time in conjunction with the realities, is almost the whole matter of his poetry, its subject and its form.

In short, Fearing seems to represent a compromise between the urbane satire of Mencken and Nash and the more sulphurous humors of the puritan imagination. For surely he is a puritan, in the best sense, in his tendency to convert the minutiae of life into phantasmagoria which loom big and sinister and obscure. He cannot travesty a musical "forum" without magnifying into something diabolic the crudeness and clownishness of the performers; and to make fun of the mass worship of movie stars is for Fearing to imply a parallel with the cult of the Virgin. This sort of thing has no place in the Mencken tradition; nor is it, on the other hand, entirely a product of recent social radicalism. Fearing is possibly the best poet who has come under the wing of the American Left; yet he is hardly the "social poet" that he used to be called. A doctrinaire nihilism is restricted and generalized, but Fearing's is comprehensive and personal. And he came through the communist movement relatively undamaged as a poet, because he was conditioned to reject its programmatic side while absorbing its negations.

Yet he did owe a great deal to that post-war rebellion in letters, of which the communist phase was only the last phase. It afforded him a community of protestant feeling which reinforced his own irony; and his art was able to profit by the common stock of symbols. His first two books, "Angel Arms" and "Poems," are without any question fine vigorous achievements, in an idiom which seemed to embody the actual pulse of his angers and anxieties. In his more recent work he lacks direction and becomes locked up in his irony. And the more his feeling is stifled or diffused, the more inflexible becomes his technique of reiterations and symmetrical arrangements. Similarly, the influence on his work of other poets seems to become more external, so that some poem he has read, say Eliot's "Difficulties of a Statesman," will show its face again and again in his pages like a family ghost. This seems to be Fearing's moment—and possibly it is only a moment—for introducing "The Waste Land" to Park Avenue.

F. W. DUPEE

Fall Books from CHAPEL HILL

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HENRY KYD DOUGLAS

DISCOVERED after many years and just published, this unusual "personal history" gives a new and truthful portrait of the famous Southern leader, and the heart-moving tale of a boy who went to war. "I wish I could have seen General Douglas' book before I wrote some of my own material on the war; for it seems to me that the true history of any such event must come from just such books as this . . . tells more about the state of feeling, the intellectual content of the Confederacy at the time, than any number of learned essays."—FLETCHER PRATT. *Illustrated, $3.00. October 26.*

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How Confederate blockade runners broke the backbone of the American merchant marine. The repeated daring captures and burnings of Yankee ships (including the sinking of a big whaling fleet in the North Pacific) challenge comparison with incidents in today's war on the seas. *Illustrated, $3.50.*

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Return Again, Traveler

By NORMAN ROSTEN

Stephen Vincent Benét, Editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, says of this 1940 volume: "Here is a revaluation of certain American things by a young, affirmative mind that can laugh and yet be deeply concerned." $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven, Connecticut

The Nazis in Our Midst

The Fifth Column Is Here, by George Britt. New York: Wilfred Funk. 124 pages. $1.

IN A BIG PAMPHLET of 124 pages, Mr. Britt gives us an excellent and disturbing picture of what Hitler's agents are doing in the United States. The story he tells is something like a Hollywood melodrama, but grimmer and essentially true to life. There are enough names, dates and sworn statements to silence the skeptics.

The Nazi legion here is probably at least a million strong. In its ranks are factory workers, waiters, painters, electricians, travel agents, clerks, industrialists, diplomats and men of the Gestapo. No level of American society is untouched by it, at least in the big cities. Skilled propagandists like George Viereck and Frederick Auhagen publish expensively printed magazines and news bulletins with a pro-Hitler message tucked carefully between innocent items. German consuls like Fritz Wiedemann and Johannes Borchers are entertained by leading industrialists, who are anxious to salvage as much as they can from holdings in the Reich. The German-American Bund enlists the rabble and trains future storm troopers. The 1938 spy-ring trial brought together a mechanic from the DeSeversky Aircraft Corporation, a Yorkville doctor, a hairdresser on the Europa and a private and a sergeant of the United States Army stationed at Mitchell Field.

Mr. Britt skips rather hurriedly over fascist activities among Americans of various national origins, chiefly Italian and Irish. This section of the Nazi attack is important, and can stand elaboration. From Erfurt, Germany, the Ministry of Propaganda pours out tons of literature in thirteen languages. Millions of pieces of propaganda are sent to the United States to be distributed by Armenian, Scandinavian, Polish, Swedish, Czech, Spanish, Ukrainian and Japanese organizations modeled more or less on the Hitler pattern.

Only one brief chapter is devoted to America's home-grown Hitlers. Distributing German propaganda and preaching the Nazi gospel have become a profitable racket. Although men like Coughlin, True, Winrod and Deatherage may not be on Hitler's payroll, they are among his best agents. Mr. Britt overlooks a recent and ominous development: at least a dozen candidates for Congress in the coming election are sympathetic to Nazi ideology.

Most of us remember Huey Long's famous remark that when fascism comes to the United States it will be called anti-fascism. Mr. Britt is thoroughly aware of the danger that Vigilantes will use the fifth-column scare as a means of terrorizing innocent pacifists, labor leaders and conscientious objectors. Investigating the column is the job of the Army and Navy Intelligence and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. As for the foreign-language groups that have already begun to suffer from the spy mania, Mr. Britt points out that 95 percent of them are devoted to American ideals. We can best fight the fifth column among them by creating an atmosphere of tolerance and democracy that will win the lasting admiration of immigrant groups.

MILL LAMPELL

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Far from Main Street

Angels on Toast, by Dawn Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 273 pages. $2.50.

"ANGELS ON TOAST" is the story of one of those promotion fellows who has learned to move in fast and sell some business man an idea he should have had himself for more money than the venture should net, taking a cut every way you could throw a knife; and then move on, still fast. He is paying now as much for a tie as he used to for a suit in the years when he was one jump ahead of the instalment collector on it, and change for tips is when you break a hundred-dollar bill. He has got on top, which is about the only thing that the people in this story are interested in. He has a business friend and they both have wives, mistresses, chippies here and there, and trouble. These interrelationships are what keep the story going, when it *is* going.

The story is not always going because Miss Powell is more ambitious than that: you learn much about the people and their operations in the flash-backs of reverie. There is chaff and there are parties; there are a lot of hole-and-corner types for good measure. Miss Powell likes what you might call the parquet type of novel: one scene starting here, then another at right angles to it, then something else laid alongside that. Unless this is done rigorously, of course, the emphasis shifts around too much. Minor characters or situations prove too much fun; old spots revisited too full of detailed memories. She is sufficiently non-rigorous here so that the total and finished pattern is more like a blur.

Incidentally, I'd like to point out a particular Dawn Powell chapter toward the end of the book, where the two men are taking an English sheep dog on the train, a surprise visit, a present (the mistress wanted a spaniel). The dog "looked as if two men were working it, like a vaudeville act," and "No kidding, Lou, did you ever see a dog with so much on his mind as old Handsome, here?" Anyway, they kept lining up four scotch-and-sodas apiece on the window-sill, and the dog would look sadly from one to the other, turning around and knocking off two glasses at a swipe. They kept telling the porter to take Mr. Jay Oliver's card up to the conductor; he was going to take over the engine after Stamford; the porter didn't know what, but kept getting kicked back by the conductor. "Did you tell him it was Mr. Jay Oliver?" The conductor was a little worried, too, but offered to wire New York—"'Tell the conductor to go ahead with the same engineer,' Lou said to the porter. 'Act like nothing has happened.'"

But Dawn Powell is one of the few writers with a first-class wit who has the kind of understanding that combines appreciation with analysis, a curious ear and eye for everything that goes on, with an endless capacity for getting around. The logic of her general background is good, and her characters so natural in it that they continue acting like heels without stirring resentment. Miss Powell has an eye like a hawk but also the quality of forgiveness, which is actually a good deal rarer in novelists than it is in real life.

OTIS FERGUSON

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Forerunner and Ambassador

The Big Sea: An Autobiography, by Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 335 pages. $3.

THE DOUBLE ROLE that Langston Hughes has played in the rise of a realistic literature among the Negro people resembles in one phase the role that Theodore Dreiser played in freeing American literary expression from the restrictions of Puritanism. Not that Negro literature was ever Puritanical, but it was timid and vaguely lyrical and folkish. Hughes's early poems, "The Weary Blues" and "Fine Clothes to the Jew," full of irony and urban imagery, were greeted by a large section of the Negro reading public with suspicion and shock when they first appeared in the middle twenties. Since then the realistic position assumed by Hughes has become the dominant outlook of all those Negro writers who have something to say.

The other phase of Hughes's role has been, for the lack of a better term, that of a cultural ambassador. Performing his task quietly and almost casually, he has represented the Negroes' case, in his poems, plays, short stories and novels, at the court of world opinion. On the other hand he has brought the experiences of other nations within the orbit of the Negro writer by his translations from the French, Russian and Spanish.

How Hughes became this forerunner and ambassador can best be understood in the cameo sequences of his own life that he gives us in his sixth and latest book, "The Big Sea." Out of his experiences as a seaman, cook, laundry worker, farm helper, bus boy, doorman, unemployed worker, have come his writings dealing with black gals who wore red stockings and black men who sang the blues all night and slept like rocks all day.

Unlike the sons and daughters of Negro "society," Hughes was not ashamed of those of his race who had to scuffle for their bread. The jerky transitions of his own life did not admit of his remaining in one place long enough to become a slave of prevailing Negro middle-class prejudices. So beneficial does this ceaseless movement seem to Hughes that he has made it one of his life principles: six months in one place, he says, is long enough to make one's life complicated. The result has been a range of artistic interest and expression possessed by no other Negro writer of his time.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, in 1902, Hughes lived in half a dozen Midwestern towns until he entered high school in Cleveland, Ohio, where he began to write poetry. His father, succumbing to that fit of disgust which overtakes so many self-willed Negroes in the face of American restrictions, went off to Mexico to make money and proceeded to treat the Mexicans just as the whites in America had treated him. The father yearned to educate Hughes and establish him in business. His favorite phrase was "hurry up," and it irritated Hughes so much that he fled his father's home.

Later he entered Columbia University, only to find it dull. He got a job on a merchant ship, threw his books into the sea and sailed for Africa. But for all his work, he arrived home with only a monkey and a few dollars, much to his mother's bewilderment. Again he sailed, this time for Rotterdam, where he left the ship and made his way to Paris. After an interval of hunger he found a job as a doorman, then as second cook in a night club, which closed

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later because of bad business. He went to Italy to visit friends and had his passport stolen. Jobless in an alien land, he became a beachcomber until he found a ship on which he could work his way back to New York.

The poems he had written off and on had attracted the attention of some of his relatives in Washington and, at their invitation, he went to live with them. What Hughes has to say about Negro "society" in Washington, relatives and hunger are bitter poems in themselves. While living in Washington, he won his first poetry prize; shortly afterwards Carl Van Vechten submitted a batch of his poems to a publisher.

The rest of "The Big Sea" is literary history, most of it dealing with the Negro renaissance, that astonishing period of prolific productivity among Negro artists that coincided with America's "golden age" of prosperity. Hughes writes of it with humor, urbanity and objectivity; one has the feeling that never for a moment was his sense of solidarity with those who had known hunger shaken by it. Even when a Park Avenue patron was having him driven about the streets of New York in her town car, he "felt bad because he could not share his new-found comfort with his mother and relatives." When the bubble burst in 1929, Hughes returned to the mood that seems to fit him best. He wrote of the opening of the Waldorf-Astoria:

> Now, won't that be charming when the last flophouse has turned you down this winter?

Hughes is tough; he bends but he never breaks, and he has carried on a manly tradition in literary expression when many of his fellow writers have gone to sleep at their posts.

RICHARD WRIGHT

A New Book on El Greco

Les Oeuvres du Greco en Espagne, by Christian Zervos. New York: Editions Cahiers d'Art (E. Wyeth). 224 pages. $6.

M. ZERVOS in this notable book on El Greco does not aim at the inclusiveness that the Phaidon volume on this painter a year or so back essayed. He confines his list to Spain. And he presents only those paintings that are fully authenticated—an excellent service where there are so many false and semi-false attributions and busy fakes.

The numerous detail-sections of various pictures emphasize a point for such volumes and for those who study a painter's work through the use of such volumes. Say, for example, we have an El Greco eight feet by three feet six. We are to present a photograph of it, or better still a color reproduction. The page may not turn out so handsome, but a cut the size of a postcard will serve as well as one twelve inches high: all that can be conveyed thus is the general composition, or color pattern. But if that cut is followed by a reproduction of some section of the painting inch by inch, the same dimensions for canvas and for printed page, it might be that those who cannot see the original will get some useful data as to El Greco's special method, his white-gray-greenish underpainting, his glazes, his pointing up surfaces with tiny sable-brush lines, et cetera. Such knowledge may be an excellent substitute for studio patter.

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STARK YOUNG

The New Medievalism

During September 10-11, 1940, a national Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in their relation to the Democratic Way of Life was held at the Jewish Theological Seminary, New York City. At the session devoted to philosophy, Mortimer J. Adler of the University of Chicago read a long paper on "God and the Professors," which was widely reported and extensively cited in the press. In the course of his paper he said, "The most serious threat to Democracy is the positivism of the professors, which dominates every aspect of modern education and is the central corruption of modern culture. Democracy has much more to fear from the mentality of its teachers than from the nihilism of Hitler. It is the same nihilism in both cases; but Hitler's is more honest and consistent, less blurred by subtleties and queasy qualifications, and hence less dangerous." He laid down eight propositions in metaphysics and eight propositions in theology, every one of which, he asserted, must be affirmed by the intelligent believer in democracy. Among other things, Mr. Adler maintained that "until the professors and their culture are liquidated the resolution of modern problems—a resolution which history demands shall be made—will not even begin." "The modern synthesis (of culture) must necessarily include the medieval solution, but it can do so only by carrying the medieval principles to a higher level of comprehension."

Below we reproduce the comments delivered by Professor Sidney Hook of New York University on Mortimer Adler's paper.

WE HAVE just been told that American democracy is in greater danger from its professors than from Hitlerism. Such a statement is not merely false but irresponsible, and at the present time, doubly so. I do not know whether it has been uttered with an eye to making newspaper headlines; it cannot have been uttered by anyone who respects the truth. Consider, for a moment, what that statement implies. Hitlerism represents the most ruthless system of physical and spiritual terror since the days of the crusade against the Albigensian heresy, and of the medieval inquisition. Hitler has crucified an entire people, uprooted and destroyed millions of lives throughout Europe, outraged every value of liberal civilization which we Americans hold dear. If our professors are worse than Hitler, presumably they threaten us with worse than this—but the only crime which Mr. Adler has been able to convict them of is differing with him (and President Hutchins). The consequences of differing with Mr. Adler are so grave, that they lead him to assert that "until the professors and their culture are liquidated, the resolution of modern problems will not even begin."

Why should our differences with Mr. Adler be so fateful? Because, forsooth, our professors, like Hitler, are *positivists.* Now whatever the definition of philosophical positivism is, there is no evidence at all that it is the cause, or

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even among the chief causes, of the rise of Hitlerism abroad and of the dangers of totalitarianism at home. The question of the causes of fascism in Italy and Germany, and the question of the causes of the present world-war against democracy (which began with the anti-positivistic rebellion of Franco, aided by Hitler and Mussolini, against Spanish democracy), are empirical *historical* questions. They are not questions of metaphysics or theology. I am acquainted with no *scientific* historian who has asserted that the rise of Hitlerism is due to a philosophical doctrine rather than to the conjunction of economic depression, the consequences of the Treaty of Versailles, the errors in policy of democratic parties within Germany and of the democratic governments without. After all, it is precisely the cultures which Mr. Adler himself damns as positivistic, England and America, which are leading the fight against Hitler and Mussolini instead of making concordats with them as some anti-positivistic organizations have done.

We have here a crass illustration of how, in the interests of metaphysical dogma, Mr. Adler can subvert empirical truth. And this despite his lip recognition of the autonomy of scientific inquiry. Throughout his paper, wherever Mr. Adler touches upon questions for which *evidence* is available, what he says is inadequate or clearly false.

I have time for only brief observations on this point before going on to his main position. One of the reasons why Mr. Adler believes it "unnecessary as well as unwise to make any effort in the way of reasoning" with this conference is the critical reception which the American academic mind has given to the writings of President Hutchins. According to Mr. Adler, that reception was abusive and ignorant, not intelligently critical in the slightest. Nothing can be further from the truth. President Hutchins' book received adequate hearing and review. Without defending current educational practices, this criticism established that President Hutchins' views were historically false, badly reasoned in a succession of arguments containing undistributed middle terms, and pernicious in their conclusions. Of several such criticisms I cite only that of John Dewey, and the subsequent exchange between him and President Hutchins, in which the latter literally abandoned the field after failing to meet a single point raised in Professor Dewey's courteous but searching analysis.[1]

Or take Mr. Adler's charge that the modern professor "will not subject himself to the rigors of public disputation." If by disputation we mean the public, critical analysis of ideas in order to achieve clarification and to determine what evidence would be relevant to the truth of meaningful assertions, then I submit that Mr. Adler's charge is plainly false. Although practice may fall short of the ideal in many respects, this is precisely the aim of those professional associations and periodicals which carry on the intellectual enterprise in American life. But if by public disputation we mean denunciation of all who do not hold our alleged "self-evident" truths instead of analysis of them, and calculated insults under the guise of plain speaking, coupled with a call for liquidation of heretics in metaphysics and theology—of which Mr. Adler has just given us an illustration—then I am happy that, in the main, our non-parochial intellectual life is free of it.

1 *cf.* Social Frontier, Jan., Feb., March, 1937.

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I leave to those who have initiated this conference the reply to Mr. Adler's attack upon its purpose. I wish rather to say a word about Mr. Adler's series of propositions in metaphysics and theology, every one of which, he holds, is entailed by rational belief in democracy, so that a difference with him on any point is tantamount to a denial of democracy. I begin with the metaphysical propositions. Mr. Adler in advance has ruled out as evasive any reply to his propositions which would make their truth or falsity depend upon the meaning assigned to his words, *i. e.*, upon the distinctions in the sense and uses of his key terms. He demands yes or no answers. Now true-false answers to isolated propositions may be demanded in religious catechisms. They cannot be intelligently given to philosophical questions without *analysis*. And the wisdom of philosophical analysis, from the time of Aristotle down, consists just in this ability to make distinctions in the meaning and use of terms before essaying an answer to them.

However, if I understand what Mr. Adler means by his key terms (and in order not to disappoint him), I categorically declare, speaking only for myself, that all of his propositions are false, and further that, true or false, they do not entail, except by arbitrary definition, any political view whatsoever. Behind these propositions in metaphysics lie a number of unexamined assumptions, upon which they depend. The first is that no warranted assertion can be made unless it ultimately depends upon some absolute indemonstrable truth of reason or indisputable truth of sense-perception or both; the second is that these truths are grasped immediately and intuitively; the third is the belief that things have essential natures, distinct from what are called their accidents, and that only the former, in contradistinction to the concerns of modern science, are the proper subject of knowledge. There are many other assumptions upon which Mr. Adler's metaphysical propositions rest. These assumptions may justify a belief in necessary, self-evident truths about the world and man, but they are themselves not self-evident. Yet despite the fact that all of Mr. Adler's certainties, immediate or derived, rest upon highly dubitable assumptions, he asserts that those who deny any *one* of his propositions are denying philosophy. Since there is no leading figure in modern philosophy, whether it be Descartes, Locke, Spinoza, Kant, who has not denied at least one of Mr. Adler's propositions, the preposterous implication is that there is no such thing as modern philosophy and that most of those who are called philosophers are but blind and wicked nominalists.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Adler speaks so scornfully of the contingent and tentative character of scientific knowledge, contrasting it with the *superior* knowledge of metaphysics and theology. For the progress of scientific knowledge flies full in the face of every one of his assumptions about the nature of knowledge, so that Mr. Adler is logically compelled to dismiss science as *mere opinion* about phenomena, incapable of giving us truth about the "real" nature of things.

Logical analysis of scientific method shows that no scientific proposition, whether as premise or conclusion, postulate or law, rule or description, is self-evident. Every proposition must justify itself, and no vicious infinite regress is involved because the solution of genuine problems,

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through the acquisition of piecemeal knowledge, controls inquiry. What all justifications of the assertion of scientific statements have in common is this: reference to the verifiable consequences of their use and not to antecedent certainties. Mr. Adler's metaphysics rules itself out of court when it rules out scientific knowledge as genuine knowledge, or gives it an inferior status to ontological or theological knowledge.

There is irony in the fact that more universal *agreement* exists about scientific ideas, which make no pretense of being self-evidently true, than about any axioms or self-evident truths which have ever been advanced at any time by any metaphysical school. The moral is that we ought to extend scientific method to the questions and problems in social life about which there is *disagreement.*

As for Mr. Adler's self-evident or derived metaphysical truths, in so far as meaning can be assigned them, I am convinced it can be shown that where they are not false they are either tautologies, rules of discourse or disguised definitions, or, at best, vague empirical generalizations on a commonsense level which can be better established by the more precise methods of science. And despite Mr. Adler's excommunication of all who disagree with him, I believe it is still possible to be a philosopher without subscribing to *his* philosophy.

I come now to Mr. Adler's theological propositions. Time permits a discussion of only one proposition, the final one which asserts "Just as there are no systems of philosophy, but only philosophical knowledge less or more adequately possessed by different men, so there is only one true religion, less or more adequately embodied in the existing diversity of creeds." According to Mr. Adler, this is another proposition which, if *denied,* entails the denial of all religion, the negation of democracy, and a nihilism that is as bad as Hitler's. But it is clear that if it is *affirmed,* then the members of *all* religions other than the true religion differ only in the degree of their positivism from Hitler. For on Mr. Adler's hierarchical scheme, religions are ordered in the scale of their approximation to the one true religion, and no one is without some religion even if it be the religion of Satan. From the point of view of that *one true* religion, all the others represent a graded variety in the abominations of positivist heresy. The primary question, then, is to determine which is the true religion. There are grounds for suspecting that Mr. Adler believes he has the supernatural knowledge that constitutes the answer. Given his view that those who deny this truth are positivists, and that positivists are an even greater danger than Hitler (because Hitler, says Mr. Adler, is an honest man), it follows that, like the positivist professors, those who hold any religion but the true religion should be liquidated for the good of their own souls, if they cannot be converted to the truth. Whether Mr. Adler is aware of it or not—and I sometimes think he has not yet learned how to read his own words—this constitutes a justification of religious intolerance.

I am not forcing an interpretation upon Mr. Adler's paper, although he will probably make that claim. These are the logical implications of his remarks. They are confirmed by what he has to say of the cultural beauties of medieval culture, of which the liquidation of religious heresy and the Inquisition were integral parts, and his belief

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that positivism, the root of all modern evil, began with the Renaissance and Reformation and culminated in Hitlerism. Just as Hitler would like to undo the Treaty of Westphalia, which recognized freedom of religious conscience, so Mr. Adler and those who think as he does would like to undo the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution and the subsequent trend toward democratic secularism which makes the state neutral in religion.

In effect, Mr. Adler is proposing, in the terminology of metaphysics and theology and in the protective coloration of a democrat, that the members of this Conference, assembled to defend and further the democratic way of life against the menace of totalitarianism, adjourn their fight against Hitlerism—and fight each other. As opposed to Mr. Adler, I do not believe that there is any such thing as a philosophical fifth-column. But if there *were* anything that could possibly be regarded as such, then I believe that it could be demonstrated that it would be not positivism but the views of Mr. Adler.

Mr. Adler is entitled to defend his views, wrong as I believe them to be. We can only request that in the interests of truth and fruitful intellectual procedure, of which he asserts this conference has no conception, he argue his position instead of begging it and refrain from distorting the views of those with whom he disagrees. It is intellectually cheap, for example, to assert, as Mr. Adler does, that because democrats reject a society with *his* conception of hierarchy and authority, they want "chaos, not order"; "anarchic individualism," not healthy social relations.

One word in conclusion. Mr. Adler believes that the fact that "the minority view," meaning his own, gets a hearing at this conference indicates our "indifference about the truth which hides behind the mask of tolerance." I hope I speak for others besides myself when I say that it is not indifference to the truth but the love of truth, and the reasonable faith of reasonable men which leads us to give a hearing to those with whom we disagree. Tolerance is a mask only when those who profess it await the day when they will be sufficiently strong to eliminate heretical differences on fundamental questions. Tolerance toward ideas, with the hope of learning and with the privilege of rejecting (or suspending judgment) on the basis of evidence, is of the very life-blood of democracy.

The history of science shows that it is possible to keep an open house to ideas, and at the same time to build up a great body of reliable knowledge commanding universal agreement. This has been done without any authority except the voluntarily accepted authority of method—reason and experiment—without a Gestapo or GPU or Inquisition, without an Index of proscribed books or doctrines, and, finally, without the dogma of final and absolute truths. Our hope lies in building the values and attitudes of scientific method more firmly into the living tissues of the democratic way of life.

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